

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## THE GRAHAMS AND THE ARMSTRONGS.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

A YEAR had passed since the return of Lucy to the home of her childhood; a year in which her character had matured rapidly, and in which her girlish figure had rounded into the woman's fuller outline. Every day she seemed to grow more beautiful, more dignified, more lovely in spirit, yet only a few of the regular visitors of the family had seen her, or really knew of her presence in the house. More than once she had been mistaken for Ella's nurse, when in the parlor with her little charge, Pauline neglecting or purposely omitting an introduction.

But the life of this sweet maiden, even under the unfavorable circumstances by which she was surrounded, glided on in sunshine. The good dwell in regions where storms of passion do not break, and where the shadows of evil never darken over the pleasant landscapes. Outwardly there may be cloud and tempest, but inwardly all is serene.

During this year, Lucy won her way clear down into her father's heart. She drew closer and closer to him by gentle and almost imperceptible intrusions, until she stood so near that he felt the tenderness, sweetness and purity of her inner life. No selfishness opposed itself to his selfishness; no vanity annoyed him; no pride flaunted itself offensively; nothing about Lucy hurt or chafed him; but he always felt calmer and more peaceful when she was near him.

And what was more than all this, and better for the man, she drew his thoughts towards a charitable regard for others, and so transfused into him her spirit at times, that good deeds to others flowed from him through her, as a medium of benefaction.

And so she wrought, at times, a double bless-

ing, one for her father, and one for the children of want and suffering.

Ella, under her wise and loving care, had put off the unhappy tempers which made her disliked by every member of the household.

She had grown gentle, tractable, and full of winning ways, so that even Pauline and Lotty had come to tolerate her presence in the parlor or sitting-room.

There had been little church-going in Mr. Graham's family until Lucy's return home. By her the day had always been observed as one set apart for spiritual instruction; and while with her aunt, she was not only a regular attendant on worship, but a faithful instructor of little children in the Sabbath-school.

Mr. Graham owned a pew in one of the churches, and thither Lucy went on the second Sabbath following her mother's death. For some time she was its sole occupant; then little Ella sat quietly by her side, or slept on her lap during the morning service, and after a few months her father began now and then to bear her company. But it was a thing of rare occurrence to see either Pauline or Lotty in church. Of late, however, both of them went more frequently. The reason of this, however, had no ground in a favorable regard for the things of religion. Alas, for them! they had received no pious teachings in childhood.

They could not look back and see themselves as lisping babes, hands clasped, and eyes uplifted, kneeling at a mother's side. There remained with them no memory of holy states, when God and His angels seemed very near, and the delights of Heaven surpassed in imagination all other delights. No—no.

Their selfish, worldly mother had not been to them, in any sense, a true mother, and the

shadow of her neglect lay dark on all their after lives. Thus it was with Mr. Graham and his family, at the period when our story opens.

It was an evening in September, as we have written; Mr. Graham had come in just as the twilight was sealing down, and deepening the shadows that were creeping out from the corners of the rooms, and weaving their dusky draperies over walls and ceiling. He had asked for Lucy, and received the indifferently spoken answer that she had "gone out somewhere." Ella had climbed upon his knee, and, after trying to read the riddle of his face, but in vain, had leaned her head of golden ringlets against his bosom.

"How long has Lucy been away?" asked Mr. Graham. The twilight was now losing itself in darkness.

"Half an hour or so," Lotty answered.

"Do you know where she is?"

"No, sir. She goes in and out at her own pleasure; and a little too often of late, it strikes me."

"And you don't know where she goes?" There was surprise in the voice of Mr. Graham.

"No, sir."

Mr. Graham arose, removing Ella from his knees as he did so, and setting her down upon the floor. He then walked to one of the windows, and stood there for several minutes, looking out at the throng of passengers.

While yet standing there, Lucy entered the gate, and, tripping lightly up the steps, rung the door-bell. As she came into the parlor, her father looked narrowly at her face, and saw in it what was very unusual, marks of trouble and excitement.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"In one of the poor houses at the other end of the block," she replied.

"What were you doing there?"

The way in which Mr. Graham looked at Lucy, as well as the tones of his voice, disconcerted her.

"I went to see a woman named Armstrong. Her little boy has been away since morning, and she is in great trouble about him; I called to ask if he'd got home."

"You'd better keep away from such places," said Mr. Graham, coldly. "Let them see after their own scapegraces. It will be a lucky thing, for the boy and his mother both, if he is drawn."

"Oh, father! don't say that." Lucy spoke in serious deprecation.

"I do say it, then; the prison or gallows will be spared a victim, and that is something gained."

"The poor love their children as well as the rich, father," said Lucy, "and suffer as much when danger threatens, or evil overtakes them. My heart is sad at witnessing the anguish of poor Mrs. Armstrong. Her only child, but ten years old, is out alone, amid the perils of this great city, and she is almost wild with fear."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Not much, I know."

"Has she a husband?"

"Yes."

"Faugh! let him look after his brat, then."

And Mr. Graham made a gesture of impatience and contempt. Lucy said nothing more, but took Ella by the hand, and led her from the room.

"I wish, father," said Pauline, as she did so, "that you would put some restriction on Lucy. I don't think it either safe, prudent or respectable for her to be seen going in and out of some houses that she visits in the neighborhood. She'll bring disease home, if nothing else."

"What houses does she visit?" asked Mr. Graham.

"She's just told you of one of them. You know its appearance, and the kind of people who live there."

"What possesses the child!" exclaimed Mr. Graham, moving in a disturbed way about the room.

"I never saw such a girl," said Pauline. "She isn't like anybody else; she doesn't do things like anybody else. She's a puzzle to me every day."

"She's a good girl, that much can be said of her," remarked Lotty, whether from favorable regard for Lucy, or in a spirit of antagonism to Pauline, it would be difficult to affirm.

"Good! Oh, yes!" And Pauline tossed her head, and curled her lip slightly. "She's good enough, no doubt; but goodness don't include everything."

Mr. Graham sighed, but made no response. Lotty said—"In some of my talks with Lucy, I've now and then thought that it did."

A little fluttering laugh from the throat of Pauline disturbed the air unpleasantly.

"You'd better borrow a modicum of that virtue from your sister; it would sit on you with such becoming grace," she said, with sarcasm.

"You may talk as you will," replied Lotty. "But one thing is certain, Lucy can always explain herself clearly—always give a reason

for what she does, that no argument you may offer can set aside."

"Oh, as to that, she can talk like a lawyer, when she gets under way; but her talk never convinced me; she's too good. This pretending to be of no account yourself, and canting about living for other people, is a thing I have no patience with. It isn't according to nature, and I've no faith in it."

"I think even you will not deny to Lucy the merit of living up to her profession. Have you known her to do a really selfish thing since she has been in the house?"

"Of course I have," Pauline said, without hesitation.

"Give a single instance."

Mr. Graham, who had been walking the parlor floor listening with more than his usual interest to the conversation, stood still, and turned himself towards Pauline to hear her answer; but she only flung an impatient word at her sister, and he resumed his pace again.

Lucy joined the family at tea. She had been to her chamber with Ella, whom she had left there asleep. Her father's eye scanned her face with more than usual interest. He had never seen it so veiled by a troubled thought.

"You are not well," he said.

"Oh, yes."

The old sweet smile flowed into her face. But in a moment or two it flowed back again, and left in its stead an expression of concern.

Pauline made a half ill-natured bantering remark, but no one responded. Lucy went from the table earliest.

"What's come over the girl?" said Pauline.

"It can't be possible," remarked Lotty, "that she's worrying herself about that woman's lost boy; but I shouldn't wonder. Well, she is a queer one, and no mistake."

When Mr. Graham returned with Pauline and Lotty, they found Lucy with her face laid close to one of the windows, looking out into the street. She moved a little as they came in, but did not really change her position. Pauline threw herself upon a sofa, and Lotty resumed the perusal of a book in which she had become interested.

Mr. Graham, whose mind was not at ease in regard to Lucy, commenced walking backwards and forwards, through the whole length of the spacious parlors, as before tea. Every time he turned in his walk towards Lucy, he observed her closely. She still kept her place at the window, looking into the street, and evidently with a strong, but repressed interest. Suddenly he saw her start, and clasp her hands together.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked, with so much kindness filling the concern in his voice, that Lucy caught his arm in the eagerness of hope his manner had inspired, and pointing from the window, said—"That's the policeman now. Oh! father, dear father! Don't let him take the little boy from his mother!"

"Why, Lucy, what does this mean?" said Mr. Graham, as he drew his daughter from the window. He spoke with a sternness of manner that he did not feel. Pauline started from the sofa, and Lotty shut her book. For only a few moments was Lucy disconcerted. She was paler than usual, but self-possessed, as she answered her father's question.

"It means," she said, "that the man you saw slowly moving along the pavement just now, lingering and looking watchfully around, is a bad-hearted policeman, prowling in the neighborhood, to catch Mrs. Armstrong's poor little boy, on his way home."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I saw him in at Mrs. Armstrong's; he's a wicked man, and has a spite against the child's father."

"If the boy has been doing anything wrong, let the policeman take him; and don't attempt to stand in his way," said Mr. Graham, with some severity of tone.

"There's no proof against the boy," replied Lucy. "It's only the policeman's spite that sets him on. Mr. Armstrong struck him last summer, down on Staten Island, and now he is going to have his revenge. It's only wicked spite, father."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Pauline, lifting her hands in no feigned astonishment.

"Lucy Graham!" ejaculated Lotty, equally surprised. "Well, you are making a nice set of acquaintances; upon my word! This beats everything."

"Lucy, I lay my commands on you once for all. Never again —"

But Lucy said, in a tone which broke off Mr. Graham's injunction before it was uttered—"Stop, father, and hear before you speak. God is my witness that I do His work, not my own. If I visit the poor, the afflicted, the troubled and the oppressed—if my heart yearns to save one of His little ones from destruction, will you hold me back from the work? No, my father!"

Even Pauline gazed at this sudden transfiguration of her sister in almost reverent wonder. The form of Lucy had erected itself, and put

on a dignity of mien that half awed by signs of internal power. Her face changed from its expression of concern, into one of angelic confidence—sweet, pure, lofty and reliant.

"No, my father," she added, seeing that he held back the words which had come to his lips, "I must be right with myself—right here"—and she laid her hand over her heart. Then looking forwards with so saintly an expression on her countenance, that both father and sisters saw her lifted suddenly above them, heavenwards, she added meekly—"and right with God."

There followed a space of silence; it was broken by Lucy.

"Father," she said softly, yet with an earnest persuasion in her voice not to be gainsaid; "I want your help to-night in a work of humanity. A sentence from you will lift from a poor mother's heart a frightful burden. The poor have hearts to suffer as well as the rich. I know you will not refuse to utter the sentence. Come!"

And she drew him to the window, from which she had retired a little while before.

"Well, what is it, child?" How changed was the voice of Mr. Graham—subdued and almost acquiescent!

"I don't see him now." Lucy's tone betrayed her returning anxiety.

"Who?"

"The police officer. I'm afraid he's caught poor Jim. I must go and see."

And Lucy moved back from the window, but as she did so, Mr. Graham laid his hand on her arm, and said—"Go where, my child?"

"In to see Mrs. Armstrong."

"No, Lucy; not to-night." He spoke kindly, but firmly.

"Oh father! don't say that." And she turned a pale face and imploring eyes upon him.

"Your kind impulses, Lucy, are leading you to an imprudent exposure of yourself. Remember it is night. You cannot, you must not go out alone."

"No one will harm me, father. I trust in God."

"My dear child," said Mr. Graham, touched by a tenderness and swayed by emotions new in his experience. "It cannot be. God has made me your protector, and I must be true to my office."

"Then go with me, while I do His work." She drew upon her father's arm, suddenly, and he followed her out into the hall. He had not observed, until now, that she carried a netted hood in her hand. His hat was on the rack

not far from the parlor door. Lucy reached for it; and they were passing through the vestibule to the street, before Mr. Graham was soberly aware of what he was doing.

"Come," said Lucy, drawing firmly on his arm, on perceiving a sign of hesitation. "I must go, and you are my protector."

#### CHAPTER IX.

On reaching the pavement, Lucy hurried forward, always a step in advance of her father.

"Hark! what is that?" She stopped as the cries of a child rent the air. The sound came from a short distance ahead.

"Oh, father! that's little Jim. The officer's caught him. Come! come!" And she sprung forward, leaving Mr. Graham no alternative but to follow rapidly.

They found a small boy struggling wildly in the arms of a man, who was endeavoring to lift him from the ground. His cries were like magical words from a conjurer. A crowd, answering to them, seemed to spring from the earth.

"Stand back," exclaimed a man, dashing through the circle as Mr. Graham and Lucy reached the spot. With a strong arm he threw the officer aside, and then snatching up the boy, fled with him into one of the poor tenements that stood near at hand.

"Who was that? Where is he?" cried the policeman, on recovering himself.

"It was the boy's father. He went into the house there," some one made answer.

"Was it? Ha!" The light of a gas lamp fell over the officer's face, and revealed its devilish expression—no other word conveys the meaning. Mr. Graham saw it, and Lucy saw it—both shuddered. The man stood for a little while considering, and then strode off without an intimation of his purpose. As he did so, Mr. Graham drew Lucy out from the crowd in which they had become involved, and hurried back home with her. Her face was ashen pale as she entered the parlors, where her sisters had remained wondering at the girl's strange power over their father.

"Mercy! What has happened?" exclaimed Lotty, springing up as they entered. "You are as pale as death, Lucy."

"Think of it—if you had been there all alone!" said Mr. Graham, with a serious air.

"Did you see that man's face?" asked Lucy, turning to her father.

"I did. It was the face of a devil; and what is more, I recognized the face."

"Father!"

"It is true, my child. That man is all evil. I knew him of old; and I pity any one who may be exposed to his tender mercies."

"Then pity poor Mrs. Armstrong and her little boy. Don't let that wicked man wreak his vengeance on them."

"How can I help it?" said Mr. Graham, somewhat coldly.

"Can't you go to the police station? Can't you do something to prevent him taking that little boy to the House of Refuge?"

"The House of Refuge! Why should he take him there, Lucy?" Mr. Graham knit his brow.

"Hark! How loudly that bell rung!"

They all stood silent until the waiter opened the door. A woman asked for "Miss Lucy."

"It's Mrs. Armstrong," said Lucy, running out into the hall. "And Jim, too," she added, in an excited voice. "Shut the door, Robert, quickly!"

Mr. Graham, Pauline, and Lotty followed. There stood a woman, white with fear, and trembling like a leaf in the wind. She held a little boy by the hand, who lifted a pair of large, dark, mutely appealing eyes to the face of Mr. Graham.

"Sir, won't you let my little boy hide away here? They mustn't take him off. Oh, sir, have pity on us!"

"For my sake, father, I ask it." And Lucy moved from the woman's side, and stood with her hand upon her father, and her soft, tearful, persuading eyes upturned to his face.

"What has your boy been doing? Why is an officer in pursuit of him?" asked Mr. Graham, knitting his brows and putting on a severe look.

"I'll tell you all about it, sir," said Jim, advancing a step or two towards Mr. Graham, in so manly a way, and with a countenance so open and ingenuous, that the hard, unsympathizing man was interested in spite of himself. The boy then related the story of his adventure with the apple-woman, and how he had paid for one of the cakes which his companion, McBride, had stolen.

"Where did you go after escaping from the officer?" The interest suddenly excited in Mr. Graham's mind prompted this question.

Jim told his story to the end, not omitting his dream of Lucy in the woods, nor failing to give a just impression of its influence over him. Not only was Mr. Graham touched by the way he looked at her when he repeated the words heard in his dream, but Pauline and Lotty bent towards him, hanging on his words. They

were strangely impressed by so unlooked-for a story. That it was simply true, no one felt a doubt. Jim's eyes scarcely turned a moment from the countenance of Lucy. Wonder, reverence, hope in her as an angel, were all written on his sun-browned face.

"Oh, sir! don't let the policeman take him!" sobbed Mrs. Armstrong.

"He shall not take him, my good woman," replied Mr. Graham, with an earnestness that gave her heart full assurance.

"God bless you for them words," answered the excited mother, whose fears had made her almost wild; and she caught the hand of Mr. Graham and kissed it. He drew back a little, with a feeling of hurt dignity, but did not frown.

"And God will bless you, dear father." Lucy took hold of his arm and laid her face against it.

"You'd better let the boy stay with us to-night," said Mr. Graham. "No one shall remove him; and to-morrow I can make it all right at the police station."

How suddenly the mother's face had brightened, passing from terror to joy.

Mr. Graham had performed no labored deed of kindness; had not gone much out of his way; had experienced no self-denial; and yet what a mountain of fear and anguish had been removed from a suffering heart! The thought was flung into his mind at the moment.

"Is so much happiness to be conveyed in a few words, so easily spoken?"

He said this to himself, half wondering. It was a kind of new revelation in his life-experience. All at once, there had been enkindled in his mind an interest for a poor boy, whom, half an hour before, he would have felt more like spurning with his foot in angry contempt, if he had crossed his way. He saw that a wrong was about being done; and in putting out his hand to prevent that wrong, had experienced a sense of interior pleasure. He had tried to shut his eyes, and harden himself into indifference, when Lucy almost dragged him away towards the dwelling of Mrs. Armstrong; but the icy crust which lay over his feelings was broken in spite of all this, and his heart touched—not very deeply, it is true—with human sympathy.

"You can go home and set your heart at rest," he spoke kindly. "The boy shall be protected."

"I'll take care of him," said Lucy; "and we won't let him leave here until the danger is over."

Mrs. Armstrong looked her gratitude; but the light had faded in her face, over which anxiety and fear had again come down.

"You need have no fear about the child," said Mr. Graham, who noted the trouble which had again come into her face.

"Oh, sir, I'm not troubled about Jim. It's all right as far as he's concerned, thanks to your goodness!" replied Mrs. Armstrong.

"Then what ails you?" asked Lucy.

"He's got a spite against Matty."

"Who?"

"That policeman."

"What's his name?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Tom Blake, they call him."

"The same." Mr. Graham contracted his brow a little. He had spoken to himself in this brief utterance.

"Why has the man got a spite against your husband?" he asked.

Mrs. Armstrong hesitated a moment, and then faltered in her speech, as she replied—"Because he punished him down on Staten Island last summer."

"Indeed! Then your husband's a fighting man?"

"Oh, no, sir! He's one of the peaceablest of men. He never quarrels with anybody." Mrs. Armstrong repelled the charge warmly.

"If that's so, how came he to get into a brawl with this fellow, Blake?"

"He could not help it, sir. You see, we were down there on an excursion. This Blake was along. He'd been drinking, and was insulting and quarrelsome. He insulted a good many women and young girls, but the men were kind o' afraid of him, he was so bold and bullying, and kept their hands off him, though they threatened a good deal. At last he came up to me and said something scandalous. I never saw my Matty burn up into a blaze in such a sudden way in my life. He's not so large as Tom Blake. But he leaped on him with a kind of tiger-spring, it seemed to me, and whipped him in about five minutes so badly that he slunk away from the ground, and we saw no more of him for the day. I've always been sorry it happened, sir; but then I don't think Matty was to blame. Indeed, he's not a quarrelsome man, sir.

"To blame. No, indeed," replied Mr. Graham, who was excited by the narrative. "Your husband served the brute just right, and I give him credit for administering so wholesome a lesson. Well, what happened after that?"

"Nothing, sir, to speak of. The man got appointed on the police in a week or two after-

wards, and my husband meets him now and then on the street wearing his badge. He knows, by the way Tom Blake looks at him, that if he ever gets, by any misfortune, into his hands, there'll be no mercy."

"I'll see to that, madam," said Mr. Graham; "you can go home with an easy mind."

"He'll carry him off to-night, sir. He's only gone for help," replied Mrs. Armstrong.

"He's no right to carry your husband off."

"It's the boy he's after."

"But you see, sir, my husband resisted him when he was making an arrest."

"What arrest?"

"Of Jim."

"Oh! I see—I see. Yes—yes,"

Mr. Graham spoke quickly, as new light broke into his mind. For a short time he stood thinking, and then said—"Tell your husband I'd like to see him."

Mrs. Armstrong started away at the word, and ran down from the front door out into the street and homewards. Mr. Graham, without a remark, went back into the parlor, and retiring, as was his wont, into himself, commenced walking the floor, with his head down and brow strongly contracted. Lucy drew Jim away, and took him down to one of the basement rooms, where she questioned him more particularly about his experience during the day.

"The street's a bad place for a little boy like you, Jim," she said, after she had gained a pretty clear idea of how he had employed himself from the time he had left home, until he started across the river.

He let his large, clear, intelligent eyes dwell on her face, but made no answer.

"Pitching pennies is gambling, and gambling is wicked."

He still looked at her, but made no response.

"Stealing is wicked. Thieves do not go to Heaven."

"Jim's not a thief," said the boy, repelling the intimation, his cheek flushing as he spoke.

"Have you never heard it said, that the taker is as bad as the thief?" asked Lucy.

"May be so," answered Jim.

"Well, you, by your own confession, eat one of the apples that Jake McBride, as you called him, stole from the woman whom he ran against purposely. That made you in heart just as much a thief as he was. There's no difference, Jim. Just think of it. And stealing sends people to prison."

"Any how, I paid for the cake," said the boy. "I didn't steal that."

"Why did you pay for it?" asked Lucy.

Jim looked at her in a puzzled manner, but did not reply.

"Was it from an honest principle? That is, because you felt that it was wrong to steal? Think, for a moment."

Jim began to look a little confused. His eyes fell away from that beautiful countenance that bent above him.

"I wouldn't have done it," he said.

"What?"

"I wouldn't have tried to cheat the woman."

"I hope not, Jim. Still, when you shared the plunder of Jake McBride, you not only encouraged him to do evil, but became a partaker in his guilt. It cannot be explained away, Jim. You did not mean to pay for the cake you were eating; and it was only when the policeman had you, that the thought of doing so entered your mind. It was fear, more than honesty, that led you to do right. I want you to see this, Jim; for when we see the wrong that is in us, and confess it to be wrong, then there is hope of amendment. The street is a bad place for boys, as I said a little while ago. Just see the evil that befell you in a single day. Pitching pennies led to fighting—oh, that was dreadful!"

And the face of Lucy expressed the pain she really felt.

"Two little boys trying to hurt each other!" she went on. "It makes me shudder at the bare thought. This hand"—and she took the brown hand and looked at it, as it lay in her delicate, snowy palm—"which God gave you for useful work, and the doing of good deeds, to be clinched in anger, and thrust cruelly into the face of another boy. It makes my blood run cold. There was murder in your heart, Jim."

The boy looked frightened.

"Yes, murder. You were so angry, that you hated the boy when you struck him, and didn't care what harm came to him from your blows. Suppose you'd had a knife in your hand at the time?"

Jim cowered a little away from Lucy. She was presenting a view of himself that made a chill creep over him.

"Blind with rage—forgetful of everything in your angry hate—you did your best to harm him; and, if there had been power enough in your blows to have killed him, then you would have committed a murder. And they hang for murder."

The child shuddered.

"Gambling, fighting, stealing—all in one day!" said Lucy. "Then you went to a dram-shop, and bought liquor with the money im-

properly gained; and then, the next temptation was to run away from your parents! But God saved you from this evil. You'd better be taken to the House of Refuge, Jim, than to be exposed on the street in this way."

"Mother drove me out," said the lad, grasping at some justification in Lucy's eyes.

"That was because you worried her."

"But I didn't mean to worry her."

"You upset a tub of water on the floor, and made a great deal of work for her."

"I didn't do it on purpose; the tub fell over," said Jim.

"Still, it was your fault. You do so many things to annoy your mother, that she loses patience with you, and I don't wonder. But I think you mean to be a better boy in future." Lucy spoke with a brightening face, and in a more cheerful tone of voice.

"Oh, indeed I do!" The boy's countenance caught a reflection from hers. "I wont go about the street with bad boys any more."

"I wonder if that's father," he said, a shadow of concern passing over his face, as the bell rang loudly from a sudden jerk. Before Robert, the waiter, could reach the street door, it was rung again, and more violently. Lucy and Jim came up after the waiter, and stood listening at the top of the basement stairs. Mrs. Armstrong burst past Robert, the moment he opened the door, crying—"Oh! they've taken him off! They've taken Matty off! Three policemen caught him as we were coming, here. Oh, sir—save him! Save him!"

Lucy came forward along the hall, as her father met Mrs. Armstrong at the parlor door, where she stood, with brimming eyes, and an appealing face, before him, adding, in this mute way, her influence to the frightened supplications of the woman.

"Was Tom Blake of the number?" asked Mr. Graham, in a stern, indignant way.

"Yes, sir; I saw him when he put his hands on Matty, and his face was so wicked. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Without another word, Mr. Graham caught his hat from the rack, and left the house.

The policeman, anticipating resistance on the part of Armstrong, who now, for the first time, was in his power, hurried back to the police station, and giving notice of the rescue, procured assistance.

Two officers returned with him, for the purpose of arresting the man who had not only violently assaulted him while in the discharge of his duties, but removed a prisoner from his hands. The offence was a grave one. Arm-

strong made no resistance when the three officers presented themselves.

The evidence against him was so clear that a commitment to the Tombs was at once made out, and he was in the hands of Blake, for removal to prison, when Mr. Graham came hurriedly into the police office.

"Is your name Armstrong?" he asked, stopping before the man he saw in charge of Tom Blake.

"That is my name, sir," replied the man.

"What is wrong?" And Mr. Graham turned to the principal officer.

"The man has committed the serious offence of interfering with an officer in discharge of his duties, and rescuing a prisoner," was answered.

"It is possible," said Mr. Graham, "that the officer's conduct might not meet your full approval, if it were known in every particular." And he turned and fixed his eyes on Blake, who cowered under their gaze in abashed surprise.

"I know nothing of that," said the chief officer. "The man will have a hearing to-morrow, and if evidence of bad conduct appear against the policeman, he will not escape the consequences. Do you wish to enter bail for his appearance?"

"I do."

"What is your name?"

"Andrew Graham."

"What is your business?"

"I am a merchant." Mr. Graham showed some annoyance at being thus questioned.

"Where is your place of business?"

"Number — Pearl street."

"All right, sir. We will take you."

And the recognizance was entered by Mr. Graham, who said, in a low voice, to Blake, as he passed, in company with Armstrong, from the police office—"I would like to see you to-morrow morning."

"Where?" asked the man.

"At my store. Come at nine o'clock."

"I'll be there, sir." The manner of Blake was subdued, almost obsequious.

"Very well."

And Mr. Graham passed to the street, Armstrong following a few steps behind him. When they reached the pavement, he turned to the surprised and bewildered man, and said—"You've had trouble with this officer, I hear."

"No trouble of my own making, sir," replied Armstrong, respectfully. Then he added quickly—"I don't know what to say, or how to thank you, sir."

"No matter about that, now," answered Mr.

Graham, interrupting him. "You're free for to-night. I've gone bail for your appearance, and I hope you won't run off and throw me into the payment of five hundred dollars. Though, if you did, it would serve me right for meddling in affairs of this kind."

"Matthew Armstrong is not an unprincipled villain," was answered to this rather rude speech, and in a tone that rebuked Mr. Graham, and inspired him with something like respect for the man.

"Did you know that policeman before your trouble with him on Staten Island?" he asked.

"No, sir; I never had any acquaintance with him."

"You knew him by sight?"

"Yes."

"Where had you met him?"

"In taverns, now and then, and once before on a steamboat excursion."

"Had you a speaking acquaintance?"

"No, sir. He's a kind of a man that I wouldn't have even a speaking acquaintance with."

"I'm glad to hear you say so." Mr. Graham spoke as if the man's prompt answer had a little relieved his mind. They walked for the rest of the way back nearly in silence. Armstrong stopped before his own house, and Mr. Graham said—"I'll send in your wife and little boy if they are still at my residence, as I presume they are. Let me see you as early as eight in the morning. I shall leave for business about that time. As for the policeman, you needn't give yourself any anxiety about him; he'll not trouble you further, just now. But if you'll take my advice, you'll look more narrowly after that boy of yours. The street's not a good place for one like him. If he'd been at home or at school, to-night's unpleasant affair would not have occurred. You are not fit to have a child, if you neglect him in this way. I marvel at the almost criminal indifference of yourself and wife. What can you have been thinking about?"

Mr. Graham spoke with severity. Armstrong did not answer, but stood with his eyes on the ground.

"It's amazing," continued Mr. Graham, "to see how shamefully and wickedly people in your condition of life neglect their children. Is it any wonder that our prisons are crowded? That we have such wretches among us as this Tom Blake, for instance, out of whose clutches I have just taken you? He was educated in the street, just as you are permitting your boy to be educated; and in faith he does credit to

his teachers, as your boy will also, if he keeps on. Don't ask me or mine to save him from the House of Refuge if he's caught in bad company again. I wont interfere, I warn you, now. The Refuge is just the place to save him, if you haven't natural affection enough to keep him out of danger. I can't understand what such men as you can be thinking about. Haven't you got eyes and common sense? Can you walk the street an hour, and not see that it is full of peril for children permitted to go at will? Throw your child into the fire, and will he not be burned? Throw him into the sea—and will he not drown? Expose him to the floods of evil, and the very fires of hell, and what hinders him from being lost in them? Armstrong! you must do differently from what you have been doing. All this trouble which has come upon you, is the fruit of your own deeds. Don't look to me for help, if the evil you invite finds you out again. I will leave you to the consequences of your own criminal folly. Good night!"

And Mr. Graham strode off, leaving Armstrong half stunned by his severe rebuke, yet conscious of its justice.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Graham sat in his counting room, with a newspaper in his hand, when the door opened almost noiselessly, and a man came in with a slightly stooping figure, and a cat-like tread—attitude and motion assumed, or rather in correspondence with his state of mind—for it was plain to be seen in his hard, coarse face, with its strongly marked outlines, that, when not consciously in the power of superior forces, or when in power himself, he would be erect and bold.

"I am here, sir," he said, as Mr. Graham looked up, but with no other sign of recognition than a severe expression of countenance.

"Sit down." The man dropped into a chair.

"So you are on the police," remarked the merchant, coolly.

"Yes, sir." The man sat ill at ease.

"How long since?"

"About a year."

"Humph! A year!"

"Yes, sir."

"You must resign, Tom."

"Mr. Graham!" Blake—it was the policeman who had arrested Armstrong—started up as if stung; his face crimsoning, and his whole manner disturbed.

"I have said it; you must resign, sir! How dare you take such a position?" Mr. Graham showed a stern, almost angry inflexibility.

"This is persecution; I wouldn't have believed it, Mr. Graham!" The man rallied in sudden desperation.

"Persecution! you talk of persecution! Faugh! Tom Blake, this will not do with me."

"But how is a man to grow better, if he's to be driven from every useful work? I'm trying to make an honest living—"

"Honest!" interrupted Mr. Graham, half contemptuously. "Yes, like the wolf and the hyena. No, Tom! It isn't in you to be either just or humane. What but a spirit of cruelty and revenge prompted your action last night? You debased the office you hold, and made it, for evil gratification, a minister of wrong. If you'd dreamed of disturbing me, you would not have struck, for spite, in that direction. You must not appear against the man Armstrong."

"I'll not do it, sir," Blake answered promptly.

"Very well. Next, as I said, you must resign from the police."

"You press me too hard. I can't do that, Mr. Graham."

There was an assured tone about Blake, as he said this.

"It must be done. My duty as a good citizen will not permit me to let a villain of your unscrupulous character hold this position."

"It can't be done," said the man, assuming a bolder bearing.

"Very well, Tom; I know my duty, and I shall do it."

"Do what?" he asked, with falling brows.

"Make the proper representations in regard to your character and past life, and leave you to take the consequences. I have screened you from justice too long already. There was a time when I hoped, feebly, it is true, that you would amend. But when I saw your fiend-like face under the gas-lamp last night, after the man rescued his child from your clutches, I gave you up. You are simply a man-devil, Tom Blake, and the good of society calls for your imprisonment."

"It will not be done at your instance."

"Why do you say that?" Mr. Graham was startled by the look Blake threw boldly upon him.

"Because your own position, if not safety, is involved," was the cool, steady, low-spoken answer.

"How dare you say that to me!" exclaimed the merchant.

"You drive me to the wall. I am simply on the defensive."

"Oh?"

"Don't misunderstand me, sir," said Blake.

"This is no feint—no mere threat. I know the ground on which I am standing. *I shall not resign my place*; and I warn you not to cross my path in that direction. I owe you some good will—much, perhaps—but the obligation does not rest all on my side. There is something away back in the past, that neither of us can forget."

"You saved my life and the life of my sister," answered Mr. Graham. "When a boy, my sister fell into the river. In trying to rescue her, I was dragged out into the stream, and but for your courage and promptness both of us would have drowned."

"I saved your lives at the risk of my own," said Blake.

"You did, and I have sought, in manifold ways, to repay the debt of gratitude which was then created. You have been screened from the just consequences of evil acts in many instances. Twice I took you into my employment, and both times you robbed me. I was forced, in self-protection, to cast you adrift."

The man looked, with half-closed eyes, and lips shut tightly, at Mr. Graham, but with no sign of shame, or felt rebuke, on his evil face. The merchant went on.

"My neighbor's store was robbed while you were in my employment. You entered it by passing through the scuttle of my store, and down through the roof of his. I suspected you, and charged the act upon you. It was not denied. The goods—consisting of watches and jewelry—were returned at my instance. I required this on pain of exposure."

"I remember," said Blake, with cool self-possession; "and also, another thing connected with the affair."

"What was that?" asked Mr. Graham, surprised at something in the man's tone and air.

"A note from me accompanied the goods—anonymous, of course."

"Well?"

"A note confessing the robbery, but assuming repentance."

"I remember," said Mr. Graham.

"The note was in your handwriting. I had a cut finger, and could not, at that time, hold a pen." There was a look so sneaky and triumphant in the still half-closed eye of Blake, as he said this, that Mr. Graham recoiled from him, his face growing slightly pale.

"I see you understand me," said the villain. "It is well. I am not wholly in your power. That writing remains, without doubt; in fact, I suggested to Mr. R—, your worthy neighbor, a value in the document as a means of

identifying the robber at some future time. It will never identify me, of course. *I didn't write it.* Besides, no one would ever suspect me of conscientious scruples. The case might not be so clear against you."

"Villain! double dyed! How dare you?" exclaimed Mr. Graham, pale, and strongly excited.

"A man will dare much, when much is at stake. All I ask of you is to keep out of my way. If you'll let me alone, I'll let you alone. But I swear by all the devils in hell, that if you cross my path after the fashion now proposed, I'll ruin you if I can!"

The man's face grew almost livid. Mr. Graham, who had risen from his chair, stepped back with a creeping shudder in every nerve.

"You have permitted yourself to become so involved with me," continued Blake, "that you cannot get disentangled in the public eye, without suffering serious damage. Your weakness led you into the crime of compounding a felony. Don't start, and frown. It is so. You are a criminal in the eyes of the law, and a word from me will send you to Sing Sing. Now, take your course if you will, and I will take mine. *I shall not give up my office.* As for that man Armstrong, I'll let him pass. He's small game any how; and I was a fool to go out of my way to hunt him down. But we must keep a show of being on the alert; and I killed two birds with one stone that time."

Mr. Graham was shocked, stunned, almost stupefied. He saw at a glance that he was in the power of one of the worst men he had ever known. They had been boys in the same town, and the act of saving the lives of himself and sister, had led him to do all he could for the man when he grew up, and came to him for assistance. At first he took him into his employment, but was compelled to dismiss him for reasons already given. So badly in every particular had Blake acted; so depraved had he shown himself, that Mr. Graham, outraged beyond all endurance, had, a year or two before, thrown him off entirely, and enjoined him, under threats of exposure to justice, never again to come in his way. He had not seen Blake since that time until the moment when the glare of a gas-lamp fell on his excited face, and a shudder at its fiendish expression ran coldly to his heart.

Mr. Graham had shown weakness in the presence of this man, and not only weakness, but alarm, and he was too painfully conscious of the fact. Hitherto, in all their intercourse, he had managed to stand above him, and to

hold a place of dictation; but now he was dragged down suddenly, and felt that he stood on the same plane with him as to power, and that Blake might ruin him in public estimation at any moment, if not involve him in a criminal lawsuit.

"I should like to know what you intend doing," said the man, assuming a bolder air. "Hanging by the eyelids is not a pleasant thing to any man. If you're going to blow on me, I wish you to say so, for good and all, and then I'll know what to calculate on."

"I've stood between you and harm a great many times." Mr. Graham's manner was subdued, and his tone betrayed anxiety. "There is no living man to whom you are under such binding obligations, and thus it is that you repay them! I knew that you were a base man, but I never dreamed of baseness like this."

"You chafe yourself unnecessarily," replied Blake, in the coolest manner. "All you have to do is to keep out of my way. Let me alone, and I'll let you alone. But I swear to ruin you, if you attempt to ruin me. I've got you in my power, and I'll turn the screws the moment you cross my path. And now, I want your yea or nay. Let it be unequivocal."

Mr. Graham saw, at this moment, a gentleman enter his store, and advance towards the counting-room, in which he was alone with Blake. There was no time for hesitation or debate.

"Go!" he said, nervously, to the officer. "You shall have notice before I act in anything against you."

"I shall depend on your keeping your vow, like an honorable gentleman, as I know you to be."

And Tom Blake, bowing with insolence rather than respect in his manner, turned away and left the merchant more deeply disturbed in his mind than he had been for many years—perhaps, in all his life.

(*To be continued.*)

#### BASALTIC FORMATIONS.

**B**ASALT is a term employed by geologists to describe a rocky compound, which forms the most beautiful columnar masses to be found in the structure of our globe. In many places these natural architectural edifices are to be found, exceeding in magnitude and grandeur of arrangement the boasted Colossii of Egypt or Indian art.

Basaltic formations have a singular tendency to assume a columnar shape, and while this is allowed to be a characteristic of this mineral, no constituent solid material of the globe has

been more frequently the subject of dispute among recent geologists—an almost equal number strongly contending for its igneous and its aqueous origin.

Basaltic columns, of greater or lesser magnitude, are found in nearly every part of the world; but the most remarkable groups are to be seen among the British Islands. A few of the most worthy of note, only will be mentioned.

The Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, consists of three piers projecting from the base of a stratified cliff about four hundred feet in height; the principal pier is visible for about three hundred yards at low water; the others not more than half that distance. It is composed of many-sided pillars, of dark-colored basalt so closely united, that it is difficult to insert more than a knife-blade between them. Towards the centre of the whole mass the pillars ascend; and from the peculiar appearance of the surface, this vortex is usually called the Honeycomb. The number of the sides of these pillars varies from three to nine. Each pillar is a distinct piece of workmanship, separate from the other columns, and also of itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human ingenuity could have made it, the terminations being concave and convex.

Stability to this piece of architecture is given by the angles of the lower joints overlapping the upper ones so closely, that to dislocate them a fracture is frequently produced. In the vicinity of the Causeway, the whole coast of Antrim presents a succession of basaltic capes and sudden elevations, which give to the mind of the imaginative visitor the appearance of hundreds of splendid palaces, half-submerged by the waters of the ocean. The most remarkable of these promontories is one called Carrick-a-Rede, which is a detached mass, being really an island of nearly the same height as the adjacent mainland, and formed entirely of basaltic columns. This is separated from the mainland by a chasm of sixty feet in breadth. Large iron rings are fastened into the rocks on each side, to which ropes are fastened, having cross-ropes at intervals sufficiently frequent to support a row of planks, which forms a bridge over which people safely pass. In summer the place is much frequented by strangers. The scene cannot fail to impress all thinking minds with the wonders of Nature, which here, as in many other places, far exceed most works of art. Nature's works are always perfect, because the hand that formed and sustains them does all things well.

G

DELAFIELD, WIS.

## ACTING CHARADE.

### PARSONAGE.

#### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Mr. Livingstone, a young clergyman.	Miss Arethusa Smith.
Miss Achsah Truman, a maiden lady.	Miss Cynthy Dobbins.
Miss Charlotte Pickle, a maiden lady.	Other young ladies.

PARSON.

#### SCENE I.

##### SEWING CIRCLE.

(*Young ladies busily engaged sewing and talking.*  
*Miss Truman, scissors in hand, cutting out work at a table near by.*)

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Have you seen him?

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Of course I have. Isn't he splendid?

MISS ARETHUSA SMITH.—Splendid! That does not approach an expression of such magnificence. He is transcendent!

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—So refined!

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—So intelligent!

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—And wears such nice clothes.

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Did you notice his hair, how beautifully it curls?

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—And his lovely moustache.

MISS ARETHUSA SMITH.—And his enchanting metaphors and quotations.

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—And his kid gloves. What a perfect fit!

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Oh! he is really charming!

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Superb!

MISS ARETHUSA SMITH.—Deliciously enchanting!

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—Sweet!

MISS ACHSAH TRUMAN (*sotto voce*).—What contemptible little minxes these are! Have the females of this day been brought up with no manners? Or, worse still, have they no minds? I can't endure this tittle tattle much longer.

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY (*hair curled*).—He's very fond of curls. He told my ma only the other day he thought there was nothing so sweet as a little girl with curling hair.

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY (*hair frizzed very high*).—Oh, no, he adores crimps above all things. I asked him myself the other day, and he said he thought the style was quaint and very becoming to some people. I don't say who, of course. (Ahem!)

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CYNTHY DOBBINS.—He's very particular about dress. His hat and boots are faultless. And he admires handsome clothes; I'm very sure of it.

MISS ARETHUSA SMITH.—What infinitesimal trifles are these of which you speak to the ecstatic inflations of his superior intelligence. It is the intellect alone which can challenge the devoted admiration of his superlative genius.

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Now, Airy Smith, you needn't try to put us down with your super-toplofticals. You can't hide your generous proportions behind long words, I can tell you. Susan Brown, why don't you say anything about the parson? Here he's been boarding at your house two months, and you are as silent as an owl as soon as his name is mentioned. Come, tell us something about him.

SUSAN BROWN.—I've nothing to tell.

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Don't you like him?

SUSAN BROWN.—Very well.

ARETHUSA SMITH.—Do you not revel in his sublime discourses? Have you no indwelling rapture as you attend upon the ethereal evolutions of his supernal discernments? I have feared lest my soul should be spirited from its frail tenement, and float in an ecstasy away from earth!

MISS TRUMAN (*who has been exhibiting her disgust by looks and gestures*).—How many times in the course of a minute do you float in an ecstasy away from earth? If you could do it once for all, it would be healthier for you, and a great relief to your friends. But, come, young ladies, I want to know what all this talk is about.

(*Miss Susan Brown exit quietly.*)

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Why, about the new parson, of course.

MISS TRUMAN.—And what about him, pray?

MISS CYNTHY DOBBINS.—Oh, nothing; only we were discussing his likes and dislikes.

MISS TRUMAN.—And what are his likes and dislikes to you?

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Nothing; only, if he should take a wife.

MISS TRUMAN.—He wouldn't select one of you, my word for it.

ARETHUSA SMITH.—Perhaps he would choose an old maid. There's some would be glad to get him.

MISS TRUMAN.—I commend you, my dear,

upon one sensible remark. That's the first plain English sentence you have framed this evening. It does you credit. It is terse Saxon. No—Mr. Livingstone shall not marry any old maid if I can help it. I am one myself, and object to having the fraternity disturbed. But you know old maids are privileged, and expected to be disagreeable—consequently, I'm going to make a few plain remarks. I want to tell you, girls, that you are behaving in a manner both unmaidenly and foolish. Mr. Livingstone was sent here of Heaven, to minister to your souls, and you are preventing all the good he might do by your silly fancies. Wait a moment, Miss Smith; I want to say also—

ARETHUSA SMITH (*looking at her watch*).—Really, Miss Truman, I must go; I had no idea it was so late; it's quite ten o'clock. Good evening, ma'am.

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—I'll go, too.

1st YOUNG LADY.—And I.

2d YOUNG LADY.—And I. (*Exeunt all.*)  
(Enter Mr. Livingstone.)

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Well, Miss Truman, I am greatly obliged to you for your little sermon on my behalf. You have no idea how annoyed I have been since I came here. Full two dozen tender missives have been received, authors unknown. I have had gifts of everything imaginable, from a bed-quilt to a necktie. I am threatened with a barrel of slippers, the approaching Christmas—and wrappers enough to last a clergyman a whole lifetime. I am greatly concerned about it, I assure you. Overhearing your conversation, just now, I made bold to tell you of my trouble, and ask your sympathy.

MISS TRUMAN.—You'll get no sympathy from me—now I tell you; it's your own fault.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—My own fault? How so? What could I do?

MISS TRUMAN.—Get married.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Do you think that would remedy the evil?

MISS TRUMAN.—Most assuredly.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—But whom should I marry? There is no one—

MISS TRUMAN.—Yes there is.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Who?

MISS TRUMAN.—Susan Brown.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Sh— How did you know that?

MISS TRUMAN.—Oh, old maids have eyes, and see with their elbows as well. So you have made it all right with her, have you?

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Oh, no—I have never said a word to her upon the subject.

MISS TRUMAN.—Then go home and do it—right away.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—But do you think she—

MISS TRUMAN.—Yes—I know it.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.—Miss Truman, it is time for the sewing circle to be broken up. I will walk home with you, and we will talk farther of this matter by the way.

—  
AGE.

## SCENE II.

MISS TRUMAN'S HOUSE.

(*Bell rings—Servant announces—“Miss Pickle.”*)

MISS TRUMAN.—Good afternoon, Charlotte.

MISS PICKLE.—Good afternoon, Achsah—I have dropped in on my way home to tell you the latest news. We're going to have a parsonage.

MISS TRUMAN.—I know it.

MISS PICKLE.—You do? How did you find it out? One never can tell you anything; I never saw such a woman; you see with your elbows.

MISS TRUMAN.—Yes—I believe I do.

MISS PICKLE.—What the new minister can be doing with a parsonage is a mystery to me. They do say that when he is comfortably settled he may get married.

MISS TRUMAN.—It is very likely. What a pity, Charlotte, that we were not a little younger. What an excellent chance we might have.

MISS PICKLE.—I don't call myself so very aged yet, Achsah Truman. Because you are old, is no reason that I should be.

MISS TRUMAN.—Oh, I beg your pardon, Charlotte; I forgot that I am a year the older. You are quite young and tender yet, to be sure. But even if you were as old as I, you might be eligible for a young minister's wife. As he is an orphan, it might be wise for him to marry a sage counsellor.

MISS PICKLE.—You needn't make fun, Achsah. Men often do marry women older than themselves, and very happily, too.

MISS TRUMAN.—I have heard of such instances—Socrates was one.

MISS PICKLE.—Ah, yes! it is a favorite sentiment of mine—where there is congeniality of spirit, age makes no difference. (*Bell rings.*)  
(Enter Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Dobbins.)

MRS. SMITH.—How dy'e do, Miss Truman? Ah! Miss Pickle, you here! We were just going to your house, but you have saved us the trouble. Well, ladies—what's the news with you, to-day?

MISS TRUMAN.—Oh, nothing new. Char-

lotte and I were having a little discussion about the proper age for a minister's wife. I say it's against Scripture, church law, and common sense, for a man to marry his grandmother; but Charlotte, here, seems to think differently.

CHARLOTTE PICKLE.—Oh, dear, no! I wasn't thinking anything about grandmothers. I am not a grandmother, I'm sure. And I only said—that—a—that Mr. Livingstone—

MRS. DOBBINS.—Well, what about Mr. Livingstone?

CHARLOTTE.—Why, I wouldn't for the world speak of such a thing where it would get out; but I did say, that now he's got a house he might get married.

MRS. DOBBINS.—Ah, I dare say. There's some very suitable young persons in the congregation—suitable as to age, I mean.

MRS. SMITH.—Yes, truly. As I often say to my Arethusa, "Thusa, dear, where shall Mr. Livingstone seek a consort, where find a soul congenial to his own, unless it be among the choice spirits of his own congregation?" He should have a wife of great sensibility. But 'Thusa is a person of so great sensibility, that she never could descend to anything so very ordinary as matrimony. Only think of baking bread or roasting beef, for a fine ethereal soul! No, Mr. Livingstone might plead on his knees, he could never bring my child down to such a level. It is quite useless to think of it.

MISS TRUMAN.—Quite useless, I agree with you.

MRS. DOBBINS.—There's Cynthy.

MISS PICKLE.—Oh, Cynthy is much too young.

MRS. DOBBINS.—Dear, no. Cynthy is not too young—as perhaps you may see some day. I won't say exactly what has been said; but this I will say, that when a young gentleman goes so far as to admire a certain young lady's dress and manners, it may be called marked attention. As I told Cynthy, if it wasn't courtin', it was the next thing to it, and she might expect anything after that.

MISS TRUMAN.—Well, I don't approve of a minister marrying in his own congregation, at any rate; but if he does, he should look out for two qualifications—suitable age and common sense. The latter is scarce enough in our church, if one may believe all one hears.

MRS. SMITH.—Oh, Miss Truman, you are so very peculiar. But I am quite forgetting our errand this afternoon. You have heard of the parsonage, I dare say?

MISS TRUMAN.—Yes.

MRS. SMITH.—Well, Mrs. Dobbins and I have a little plan on foot to make up a Christmas festival for Mr. Livingstone in his new house.

MISS PICKLE.—Quite a charming project.

MRS. SMITH.—What say you, Miss Truman?

MISS TRUMAN.—I see no very serious objection to it.

MRS. DOBBINS.—We may understand that you approve, then?

MISS TRUMAN.—I must say that I do not fancy such demonstrations, as a general thing; but, for a particular and special reason, I do think well of this one.

MRS. SMITH.—We may as well continue our calls, then, upon the other ladies of the congregation. Good-by.

(Exit Smith and Dobbins.)

MISS PICKLE (rising).—I must go, too. You will attend the festival?

MISS TRUMAN.—Oh, yes, I shall be there, and we may then be better able to determine who is a suitable person for a pastor's wife. Good-by.

(Exit.)

MISS TRUMAN (alone, arranging books on centre-table).—Only four weeks to Christmas! I don't know as Susan will consent to it, but I guess we can persuade her. I'm tired of living in this riled water. The sooner a little alum is thrown into it the better. It shall be a wedding reception as well as Christmas festival, or Achsah Truman is no prophet.

(Exit.)

#### PARSONAGE.

#### SCENE III.

#### PARLOR.

(Company assembled. In foreground, group of girls.)

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—They do say Susan Brown is going to be married. I don't know anything about it, only our dressmaker told me a girl in Harper's store said Mrs. Deacon Brown had bought a lot of new dresses lately, and one of them was a white one.

2<sup>ND</sup> YOUNG LADY.—I wonder who the gentleman could be? There's a young man comes to church with her sometimes; but she's so close-mouthed, no one can ever find out anything about her affairs. At any rate there's one out of the way, as, of course, she'll not be lady of the parsonage.

3<sup>RD</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Yes, but who will be lady of the parsonage? That's the question. It's very elegantly fitted up, to be sure; and one thing is certain, Mr. Livingstone don't intend to live in it alone.

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—Perhaps it won't be so very long before you find out. My ma says

when a young man goes so far as to admire a young lady's dress and manners, one may be sure something more will come of it.

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—And whom has he admired, pray?

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—Oh, that's not for me to say.

ARETHUSA SMITH.—An intellectual companion is essential to his ethereal development. What a delightful abode this would be for mystical research and profound philosophy.

(Enter young lady in great state of excitement.)

YOUNG LADY.—What do you think, girls—Susan Brown has come to the festival all in white.

ALL.—You don't say so!

YOUNG LADY.—Yes, indeed, I saw her with my own eyes. You know the front room upstairs has not been thrown open to the company. As I came by the door just now, Achsah Truman was just going in, and I saw Susan Brown standing in the middle of the room all dressed in white.

ALL.—Are you sure it was she?

YOUNG LADY.—Quite sure.

ARETHUSA SMITH.—What a designing girl she is, with all her quiet ways! I don't believe she's going to be married. She's dressing up in finery just to entrap Mr. Livingstone. I'd go and warn him against her, but he's not in the room. He went out more than half an hour ago.

CYNTHY DOBBINS (aside).—What if she dresses better than I do?

(Enter Miss Truman.)

MISS TRUMAN.—Young ladies, step one side, if you please, to let these people pass you. There is to be a wedding at the parsonage, to add to the joy of the occasion. (She clears a space.)

(Enter minister in robes, followed by Mr. Livingstone, with Susan Brown upon his arm.

They proceed to the farther end of the room, and the show of wedding ceremony proceeds.)

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY (in low tones).—Did you ever!

ARETHUSA SMITH.—I shall not stay here to countenance such deception. (Exit.)

MRS. DOBBINS.—I never was so taken aback in my life.

CYNTHY DOBBINS (sobbing).—It's all the doing of that hateful old maid. I'm sure of it!

(Ceremony over—persons near the bridal party offer congratulations.)

MISS TRUMAN (to young girls).—Come, young ladies, aren't you going to congratulate the bride and groom? You are all rejoiced at the wedding, I know, for I heard you say only the

other night that Mr. Livingstone ought to be married.

CYNTHY DOBBINS.—I can't go. I feel sick.

MRS. DOBBINS.—Oh, you must go, Cynthia; this will never do. What would your father say to you?

1<sup>ST</sup> YOUNG LADY.—Well, I always liked Sue Brown well enough. I'll go.

2<sup>D</sup> YOUNG LADY.—He couldn't marry only one of us, of course. I'd as lief it would be Susan Brown as anybody. I'll go, too.

ANOTHER.—And I.

MISS TRUMAN.—That's right; come on. I know you all feel glad as I do, that nonsense is over, and there is a prospect of a real sensible woman as minister's wife and housekeeper at the parsonage.

#### THE LAW OF TRUE MARRIAGE.

“WHEREVER,” says Gail Hamilton, “man pays reverence to woman—wherever any man feels the influence of any woman, purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicining his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing Heaven upon his earth, and mellowing it all for spiritual fertility—there is the element of marriage. Wherever woman pays reverence to man—wherever any woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels it to be God's agent, upholding her weakness, confirming her purpose, and crowning her power; wherever he reveals himself to her, just, upright, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, benevolent, not unruffled, perhaps, but not overcome by the world's turbulence, and responding to all her gentleness, his feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast in right, to stand firm against the encroachments of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue, and discouragement, helping to preserve her good nature, to develop her energy, to consolidate her thought, to utilize her benevolence, to exalt and illumine her life—there is the essence of marriage. Its love is founded on respect, and increases self-respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them. It is a love which vanquishes the grave, and transfigures death itself into life.”

## UNACCOUNTABLE

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WALTER KING locked the door of his law office, and turned his steps homeward, in a very pleasant frame of mind.

Business had been very brisk of late with the young lawyer, and he could see his way clear to fortune, and fame, and—matrimony. He had only been waiting an increase of his income, to ask Leah Turner if she would be his wife. And if there was any dependence to be placed in a woman's voice and glance, then he would not receive "No" for an answer. In two weeks more his affairs would all be settled, and he would take a vacation, and go down to S——, where Miss Turner resided. So he dreamed, and planned, till he found himself at his own door.

In the hall he met his ten-year-old sister Jennie, who barred his progress with two tiny arms. "Guess who's here," she said. "Not another step till you guess."

So Walter went through the whole catalogue of friends and acquaintances, and at last gave up in despair.

"Why, you old humbug! have you forgotten all about me?" cried a cheery little voice, and another ten-year-old maiden danced up to his side, with a pout of offended dignity on her rosy lips.

"Why, Fannie Turner, is it you?" And Walter lifted the little woman from the floor and kissed both cheeks. (I am inclined to think one was for the sister.)

"Yes, it's me; and I've come to stay a week," was the emphatic response. "And now do come to supper, for we are all dreadful hungry."

That evening, as Walter King was writing in his account-book, Jennie reached for a book near by, and chanced to jar his arm.

"You nuisance!" he cried savagely; "see what a blot you have left on my book!"

"Does he often do that?" whispered Fannie, as her companion came back to her side.

"Do what?"

"Speak so loud and cross."

"Oh!" said Miss Jennie, soothingly, "that was nothing. You musn't mind such things; that's the way men always speak to their sisters when they are bothered; but you haven't any brothers, and so don't know about it."

The next morning Fannie woke, hearing loud

noises just outside her window. She sprang from her bed and peeped through the blinds. She saw Walter just in the act of tossing a young lad in the air, as he would a ball, and cuffing his ears when he returned to earth.

"Oh, Jennie!" she cried in terror, "do come and see what is the matter."

"Why, you poor, nervous goose!" answered Miss Jennie when she had viewed the scene; "it is only Walter punishing his office-boy. He is such a lazy creature, Walter has to punish him every few days, to get anything done." And then Jennie dismissed the subject from her mind, and began to chatter of something else. But Fannie was wondering vaguely if all men were so cruel in their anger.

At breakfast, Walter set down his coffee, after one sip, with a wry face.

"Did you make this coffee, mother?"

Mrs. King answered in the affirmative.

"Well, all I have to say is, that I should think you had had practice enough to make something superior to this *slosh*! I can't drink it."

No one answered; but Fannie, who thought the coffee excellent, was thanking Providence that she had no brother, if brothers were all like this one.

Half an hour later, as Walter was preparing for "down town," a button was found missing from his overcoat.

"Death and destruction!" he ejaculated; "why, in the name of all slatterns, Ida, have you neglected my coat? A button missing, and I have not a minute to lose. Confound it, and you, too!"

His elder sister came from an adjoining room.

"But, Walter, I did not know the button was gone," she apologized.

"Of course, not," answered the masculine angel. "You never do. If you had cared, you would have looked to it. My things are always neglected."

This did not escape Miss Fannie's sharp ears, and she came to the conclusion that Mr. Walter was a very cross man, and not one bit as she thought him when she had only seen him at her home.

That evening Jennie coaxed her brother to take them out driving. So the carriage was

brought to the door, and the girls seated. But the horses were young and fiery, and at the flutter of the dresses and ribbons they plunged and reared in fear. Walter King's strong hand held the reins, and drawing back his heavy boot, he struck the poor creatures' sides till they quivered in pain. All women and children have a soft spot in their hearts for horses,

and this cruelty seemed so unmerited, that Fannie almost hated the man.

At the end of the week she went home. One week after, Walter King went down to S——. But Leah Turner declined his offer with thanks; and the rejected lover, to this day, declares that it is "unaccountable"—forgetting that "little pitchers have large ears."

## TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

BY MRS. J. E. MCNAUGHEY.

"**T**HERE is Mrs. Raymond going in to Mrs. Evans's, Susy. I dare say she will call in here, too. Just put this room in order, and I will run up stairs and change my dress," said Sylvia Lyons to her good-humored maid-of-all-work.

Susy willingly left her dish-washing, to put the sitting-room to rights, and her mistress proceeded to her chamber and hastily arranged her handsome hair, and put on a pretty afternoon dress she seldom wore now. She viewed herself with considerable satisfaction in the looking-glass, when her toilet was completed; and as there was time enough still, she also dressed little Carrie in a clean suit throughout. The last little garter was buttoned just as there came a ring at the door-bell, and mother was ready to receive her visitor with sincere satisfaction.

Mrs. Raymond was one of her most valued acquaintances, and now that she had not caught her in disorder and the room in confusion, she was most happy to see her. Little Carrie, too, "behaved like a lady," mamma told her with a kiss, after the visitor had gone away. She could not help contrasting it with certain other occasions, when she had hustled the screaming child out into the kitchen, and bribed her with sugar into good behaviour until her visitors should be gone, because her soiled face and dress were not presentable before company.

When papa came home at evening, Sylvia wondered what had put him in such good spirits. He had seemed quite the reverse of late. She felt very cheerful, too; so altogether they had a very happy evening. Little Carrie had fallen asleep on her father's knee, and she made such a pretty picture, he could hardly bear to lay her down.

"Why will you not always dress her afternoons, Sylvia? I'll willingly furnish the dresses."

"It is so much trouble," rose to Sylvia's lips, but she checked herself; for a dim perception

had been dawning on her mind, that it was the improved appearance of his household that had given them such a pleasant evening, rather than any great success in business. "Too much trouble" had been a phrase too often on her lips of late, and it had wrought a mischief in her house.

From that evening she determined to change her plans. She saw what a danger she had been threatened with—the loss of a cheerful, happy fireside. Disorder was bringing in, very naturally, discontent and all its attendant miseries; for it is "trifles light as air" that make up the peace or unhappiness of a household.

The next day was spent in a general overhauling of the well-stocked wardrobe. Dresses which were put away to grow obsolete, because they were a little "too good" for everyday wear, were, after a little time spent over them, hung up for afternoon use. Little Carrie's white aprons and light dresses were also brought out and stray buttons sewed on; so they were placed in good wearing order.

Very much of the after happiness of that little family hinged upon that good day's work. It grew to be a very rare thing for a visitor to find the sitting-room topsy-turvy, and mamma and Carrie in faded, dingy dresses, however unexpectedly they happened to drop in. Sylvia could hardly believe herself when she remembered the disarray into which she suffered herself and her home to fall for that dismal three months, when she came so near losing the light and joy of her home.

If any other housekeeper finds herself falling into similar bad habits, the only remedy is to "right about face." Remember, there is no one so well worth your while to dress for as your husband and children.

Clean dresses and smooth hair may make some trouble, but they more than pay, in the added rest and pleasure they give yourself, not to speak of the joy forever they are to others.

## NEW TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

### THE FAIRVILLE SEWING MACHINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

"I WANT ten dollars from you."

The speaker, a small, nervous-looking man, with quick, restless movements, stood at the bar of a handsomely furnished drinking-saloon. A glass, just emptied of its enticing contents, was still in his hand.

"Ten dollars!" answered the proprietor of this thrifty establishment, in manifest surprise. "On what account am I your debtor, friend Peterkin?"

"Not my debtor on any account. But you see, I'm getting up a subscription to buy a sewing machine for Grace Myers, and you must head the list with ten dollars."

The pleasant face of Tom Blinn, made up to welcome his customers, changed instantly. His eyes grew cold, and his lips hard.

"Don't see it," was the curt answer. There was a shade of something offensive in his manner that stung Peterkin, whose feelings lay close to the surface.

"You don't! There was a flash in Peterkin's eye."

"No, sir! I don't see it!" And Tom Blinn drew his well-fed, well-kept body up to its full six feet of altitude, and looked down upon the rather shabby little man who stood with just a counter's breadth between them—ah! it was the business at that counter which made the difference in their appearance and condition—eyeing him with a frown.

"If there is a man in this town who ought to see it, you are that man, sir!" cried out Peterkin, in a passion he could not restrain.

The half-dozen bar-loungers, smoking and dreaming over their papers, startled at this sudden explosion, came crowding to the bar.

"What's up?" asked one. "And what's to pay?" queried another.

"There'll be the devil to pay, if you don't look to your manners!" said the saloon-keeper, with a rising anger he did not try to repress.

The little man, all nervous and excited a moment before, grew calm at this threat; not from fear, but under a sense of indignation. He looked taller, as he stood with defiant air and face, giving back scowl for scowl.

"What's to pay?" The question was repeated by several voices.

"Just this: no more and no less," answered Peterkin. "I'm trying to raise sixty dollars to buy a sewing machine for poor Grace Myers; and I asked Tom Blinn to head the subscription with ten dollars; but he can't see it!" in a tone of mocking contempt. "As if a thousand dollars and more of her father's money hadn't gone into his till!"

"I'll not stand your impudence, Sam Peterkin!" exclaimed the now furious saloon-keeper, springing over the bar at a single bound, and grappling at the little man's throat. But Peterkin, all on the alert, darted aside, and before Blinn could turn upon him, a vice-like grip was laid on the assailant's arm.

"Steady, there! Steady, I say!" The voice was deep and rough.

"Hands off, Joe Thompson! Hands off, I say!" cried Blinn, his fury increasing.

"Steady, there! Steady, I say!" And the iron grip tightened. "Tongues get oiled here." There was a quality of humor in the gruff, even voice—"and you are the last man to take offence if they wag too fast sometimes, seeing that you are well paid for the oil."

A loud laugh from two or three of the company greeted this sally. A foiled look came into the face of Blinn, who saw that the odds were against him. His fury died down under the whispers of self-interest, counselling prudence. Sullenly he retired behind his bar.

A look of triumph sat on the countenance of shabby little Peterkin—Peterkin the irrepressible. Public sentiment was now on his side. He felt the rising wave of popular favor, and it was not in him to despise opportunity.

"I'll tell you what, friends and neighbors," he spoke out clear and strong, his very confidence of manner ensuring him an audience, "this thing has kind of made me put on my studying-cap. Now just look at it. Why does poor Grace Myers want a sewing machine? Shall I tell you? No; for that would be Piper's news! I know, Tom Blinn knows, you all know, and everybody in town knows. Poor Grace! Don't you remember her ten years ago? Of course, you do! There wasn't a sweeter, prettier, happier girl in ten miles round. And now she

wants a sewing machine with which to keep the wolf from her door! Don't that tell a story to make the heart ache? There's something wrong! What's gone with her father's money? Where is it? Who has it? What's gone with my money, and my good clothes? Look at me! I used to be dressed like a gentleman. But I won't talk about myself; for that would be talking of a fool."

The little man choked slightly, coughed, and then went on with recovered voice.

"Somebody's got her father's money. You all remember—of course you do—when Tom Blinn was Mr. Myers's coachman. 'Tisn't very long ago."

"I won't take this from any man!" shouted the saloon-keeper, again leaping over his bar; but the iron grip, and the—

"Steady there! Steady, I say!" arrested him as before.

"You furnish the oil, and the tongues must go," said Thompson, restraining Blinn without an apparent effort. "Go on, Peterkin! Have it all out. Free speech is the order of the day."

"'Tisn't very long ago," Peterkin went on, as if there had been no interruption. "Tom wore the corduroys then, and Myers the broadcloth. But I needn't tell any of you where the old man's money went, nor who's got it."

And Peterkin looked towards the infuriated Blinn, who would have murdered him on the spot if unrestrained by force or fear. A growl like that of a wild beast was his only response, as he again withdrew to his place behind the bar.

"Oh, no!" went on Peterkin, "that would be Piper's news."

Just then an old man, white-haired and stooping, pushed open the outer door, and stood for a moment or so, irresolute whether to come forward or go back. Ah! what a wreck was there! The broad forehead, the strong gray eyes, the finely cut mouth and chin, told you of a once vigorous intellect and manly strength, now eclipsed and broken.

A dead silence followed, as every eye turned to him. He was annoyed at this observation, and frowned a little. No one spoke to him. Crossing the room with an unsteady, shuffling gait, he stood at the bar, not speaking, but indicating, with a quick, nervous motion of one hand, the liquor he wanted. Blinn silently placed before him a decanter of whisky, from which he poured half a tumblerful, added a little water, and drank the fiery draught without once taking the glass from his lips. Then

he laid ten cents on the counter, and turning away, shuffled across the room and went out.

"That's the way it's done!" said Peterkin, breaking the silence. "If you stay here for an hour, you'll see it over again; and over again for as many hours as you choose to remain."

"It's a lie!" shouted Blinn from behind the bar.

"He's a civil gentleman, now, isn't he?" said Peterkin, with contempt. "A nice fellow to set above us all, as we are doing by lining his carcass with our money, and pinching our wives and children!"

No one responded to this. A strange, dead silence fell upon the room. The group of bar-loungers looked at each other with eyes shadowed as by sudden fear or shame.

"Ten cents, ten times a day," resumed the little man, breaking in upon this silence. "That's a dollar a day, or thirty dollars a month. In two months enough goes into Blinn's till to buy the old man's daughter a sewing machine. Just think of that! And when I ask him for a ten-dollar subscription, he flings himself into a passion, and talks about there being the devil to pay."

By this time two or three more of Blinn's customers had come in; but there was no drinking, and would be none until the little feud with the saloon-keeper was settled, for Peterkin, when his blood was up, was irrepressible.

"Let us count heads," he cried; "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Yes, there are just eight of us; and here come two more; these make ten. See here, gentlemen! You that have just come in, and all the rest. I'm going to make a proposition. It's no use to tell you that I'm a pretty hard case—in the drinking line, I mean—though maybe not the hardest case here." And he glanced half quizzically around the room. "But I've kept a tender spot here, through it all"—and he laid one hand over his heart, his voice breaking a little—"and that spot is troubling me to-night. I guess you've all a few tender spots left. Now, see here! You knew Grace Myers. Her father spends every dollar he can get in whisky, and the poor girl wants a sewing machine with which to keep off starvation. Now, here are ten of us. How much do we spend a day in liquor? I'll tell for myself. Just sixty cents on an average, week in and week out. Joe Thompson, what say you?"

The great rough fellow thus called on coughed and cleared his throat two or three times, and then blurted out—"Hang it, Sam Peterkin! if

I like that sort of prying into a fellow's doin's. What's it your business?"

"It's none of his business, of course," said Blinn; "and I'd shut him up with his impudence in double-quick time.

"Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't," retorted Peterkin. "But no one asked for your opinion. How much is it, Joe? Don't be afraid; an honest confession, you know, is good for the soul. How much? Half a dollar a day?"

"Yes. Put it down at half a dollar."

"Very well; half a dollar it is. And what say you, Barclay? Half a dollar more? Aye? Yes, aye it is. I thought so. Here's a dollar and sixty cents a day from three of us, and we've ten good drinkers in the room. Say it's five dollars we spend for liquor every day. Are you any better for it, Joe?"

Joe Thompson shook his head in a slow, solemn way.

"And you, Barker?"

"No." The response was strongly uttered.

"And you, Bill Lyon—what say you? Are you any the better for tippling at Tom Blinn's bar?"

"Can't say I am," replied Lyon, looking rather sheepish under the confession.

"Of course, you're not. Nor am I, nor any one here, but a plagued sight worse off! He's getting fat on our substance, day by day, while we are growing leaner and leaner. He dresses up in fine toggery, and has his diamond breastpin, while we go threadbare and shabby! Did you ever think of this? Now, aren't we a precious set of fools? Come, now. I've got a proposal to make. Grace Myers wants a sewing-machine. Our rum money, saved up for two weeks, will buy her a Willcox & Gibbs machine from the agent over in High street. He's got a splendid one there for fifty-six dollars; I was looking at it to-day. Just think what a joyful surprise it would be! How happy it would make the poor girl!"

"Capital idea, that!" responded Joe Thompson. "I'll swear off for two weeks if the rest will."

"Here's my hand to it!" And little Peterkin struck his open palm into that of the last speaker.

The feeling thus evolved was contagious.

"Let us come to order," cried a threadbare lawyer, who had a larger practice at Blinn's bar than in the Court-house. "I move that Peterkin take the chair."

"Second the motion."

"All in favor of Peterkin taking the chair, will say Aye."

"Aye—Aye—Aye," ran through the room.

"Peterkin will take the chair," and the little man was conducted to a seat at one of the bar-room tables.

A secretary was next chosen, who called on Blinn for ink and paper, but the saloon-keeper refused with an oath.

"No matter," said the secretary. "I have a pencil and an old pass-book in my pocket, and can make out."

The lawyer was now in his element, entering into the affair with spirit, and making a telling speech in favor of Grace Myers and the sewing machine.

By this time the company had increased to fifteen or sixteen. Each new comer, surprised at first by the novel state of affairs in the bar-room, quickly caught the prevailing idea, and entered warmly into its spirit. It was voted unanimously—First, "That we swear off for two weeks." Some of the "Ayes" were rather faint. Second, "That we appoint Henry W—, the sewing machine agent, our treasurer." Third, "That each one voting 'Aye' to these resolutions, shall deposit with the treasurer, each day, the amount usually spent in drinks." Fourth, "That when the sums thus deposited with the treasurer amount to fifty-six dollars, a sewing machine shall be sent by the treasurer to Grace Myers." Fifth, "That we pledge ourselves not to visit the saloon of Tom Blinn, or any other rum-seller, until enough money to buy a sewing machine shall be in the hands of the treasurer."

Some of the "ayes" to this last resolution were a little mournful and hesitating.

After the resolutions were carefully written out by the lawyer, he proposed that each one should sign them. Some made objection to this, but Peterkin led off with his sign manual, the lawyer and Joe Thompson following, and soon the name of every voter was recorded.

"I move," said the lawyer, when this was done, "that we now adjourn, each man going to his home; and that we meet again at seven o'clock to-morrow evening, in the Town Hall."

The motion was carried by acclamation, and all arose, moving towards the door.

"Good-by, friend Thomas!" said Peterkin, looking at the saloon-keeper with a grin of triumph. "Good-by for a fortnight! Rather a losing business, ha? Saved at the spicket and let out at the bunghole. Something of a mistake, I should say, when you refused to head that subscription list with ten dollars. Better have given the sixty! Good-by! Maybe I shant

see you again." And the excited little man fairly danced from the saloon.

Not another customer entered the deserted bar-room that evening. A committee of two, appointed by the retiring company, after reaching the street, was stationed near the saloon to give information of what had occurred to every person about to enter, and they were able to persuade each one to keep away, at least for that night.

Tom Blinn, annoyed, irritated, and not a little troubled at all this, for his craft was in danger, sat moodily behind his bar until past eleven o'clock, and then ordered the door and shutters closed. He lay awake for most of the night, working with his heavy brain at the new impediment thrown suddenly in his way. At last he settled the question.

"Two can play at this game!" he said to himself, exultingly; "and I rather guess the odds are on my side—just the odds between one full purse and a dozen empty ones. Two weeks to buy a sewing machine! Ha! ha! And a dozen men at the work!" He laughed a low, derisive laugh. "I'll take the wind out of their sail. Grace shall have the machine before ten o'clock to-morrow; and then what will become of all their fine talk, and voting, and penny subscriptions? Bah!"

"Good-day, Mr. W——," said Blinn, at an early hour on the next morning, as he entered the store of the sewing machine agent.

"Good-morning, Mr. Blinn," was the affable reply. "Can I do any thing for you?"

"Perhaps. What is the price of a good Willcox & Gibbs Machine?"

"Plain table, fifty-six dollars."

"Nothing less?"

"No, sir. The prices are fixed by the manufacturers."

"Well, I want one."

"For your own use?"

"Not exactly." And Blinn gave his face a half comical, half humorous contortion.

"Where will you have it sent?"

"It is for Grace Myers."

"Oh!" The ejaculation considerably prolonged; for Mr. W—— had already been informed of last night's proceedings.

"I owe the girl some good will," said Blinn, with a swaggering air, meant for patronizing coolness. "She was kind to me when our relation to each other was very different from what it is to-day. Now she is poor, and dependent on her needle for support, and I am glad of an opportunity to help her a little."

"Very generous in you, sir," replied Mr. W——; "very generous indeed."

"Will you send it round this morning?" asked Blinn, as he drew out his pocket-book.

"It shall be delivered within an hour."

"Thank you, sir! Make out a bill and receipt."

The money was paid, and Tom Blinn went away chuckling at what he had done, and in full faith that it would break up a movement which threatened a new order of things greatly adverse to his interests.

True to their pledges, not a single one of those who had signed the resolutions entered Blinn's saloon during the whole day; and in the evening, seven o'clock saw every man in the Town Hall. The meeting was organized by calling Peterkin to the chair. There was an unusual gravity of tone about the little man, and a marked difference in his personal appearance. He looked, in some way, more respectable. And this might have been said of nearly all present. The shabby disregard of dress appertaining to the bar-room was not apparent in the Town Hall. Each man had been toned up to a higher self-respect.

"The meeting will come to order," said Peterkin, rapping on the table. All was silence and attention. "This is an adjourned meeting, and the secretary will read the proceedings of that previously held."

After the minutes had been read and approved, a man arose and said—"Mr. President! I have just been informed that, like Othello, our occupation's gone. Blinn has got ahead of us, and already sent a sewing machine to Grace Myers."

"Good!" "Good!" "Three cheers for Tom Blinn!" and other cries, ran through the room.

"Order!" called the president, and struck the table with a loud rap. "Order!" he repeated; and there was silence in the room.

"Gentlemen," said Peterkin, rising, "the information just given is correct. Early today, Tom Blinn bought a sewing machine and sent it to Grace Myers. Last night he met my request for a ten-dollar subscription with insult. Guess there is something behind all this! The two things don't hang together. As to our occupation being gone, that doesn't follow by any means. Our occupation has only begun; and if we are true to ourselves, to our wives, our children, and the community in which we live, we will find our hands full of work. What did we discover last night? A fact that has been going round and round in my brain ever since, surprising, confounding, rebuking me!

What did we discover? Why, that every ten of us spend money enough for liquor in a fortnight to buy a sewing machine! Just think of that! And I'm not afraid of contradiction, when I assert that not a man here has a sewing machine in his house."

"Beg pardon!" broke out a thin, rattling voice. "There's one in my house."

"How did it come there?" promptly queried the president.

There was no reply.

"Oh! I can tell you," said Peterkin. "Your wife got it as a premium for subscribers sent to THE HOME MAGAZINE. It didn't cost *you* a dollar!"

A murmur ran round the hall.

"Not a dollar!" repeated the chairman. "Not a dollar! Now, what I want to say is this: Tom Blinn has bought one machine with our money—one machine for the price of a hundred or more that we have paid him. Let us be thankful for the small favor, but resolve for the future to do business on our own account. Every one of our wives wants a sewing machine. There are twenty present to-night. We have averaged at least fifty cents a day in drinks; or three dollars a week, taking the six working days. If we counted Sundays, I'm afraid it would tell a worse story for some of us. But no matter. We will throw out the Sundays. Multiply three by twenty, and we have sixty dollars a week. Just think of it! Sixty dollars spent by us for rum every week of our lives! Isn't it a shame! I'm mad with myself!"

"Now, friends," continued the little man, warming with his theme—"I have this to propose. Let us make a permanent organization, and call it, say, 'THE FAIRVILLE SEWING MACHINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.' Each member to pay into the treasury three dollars a week, and pledge himself not to drink a drop of liquor while he belongs to the Association. Every week we will be in funds to buy a sewing machine, and in twenty weeks every man's wife, or daughter, or sister, will be in possession of a machine."

"Good!" "Good!" "I'll go in for that!" "Capital!" "Just the thing!" and like exclamations rang through the room.

"Now, gentlemen," added the president, before taking his seat, "the matter is in your hands, and I trust you will act with a will. Strike while the iron is hot. Let me give you just a thought more. If we make good use of the time some of us have idled at Tom Blinn's, or lost through half-fuddled brains, we can

each of us earn three dollars a week more than usual, and so be six dollars a week better off than before, to say nothing of the gain in self-respect, sobriety, and manhood."

The tide had fairly turned, and was setting strongly in this right direction. Only the feeblest objections were made to Peterkin's plan, and these were quickly set aside. After an hour's talking, a committee of organization, with the lawyer as chairman, was appointed, and the meeting adjourned until the next night, when a constitution would be presented.

Tom Blinn did not show himself at this meeting, but he had a friend there, who brought him a full report of the proceedings. Their rehearsal fell on his spirits like a wet blanket. Not half a dozen customers had been in since nightfall, and if this movement proved successful, it looked as if his were the sails out of which the wind was to be taken.

"I thought you were too fast," said the friend, looking into the heavy, disquieted face of Blinn. "If you'd kept out of the muss, and saved your money, the thing would have died out at the end of a week or so. But now, there's no telling what's going to come of it. Instead of ten men saving up their grog money for two weeks to buy *one* sewing machine, here are twenty of your best customers actually banding together to buy *twenty* machines and give you the go-by for twenty weeks. Think of that! And what's worse, everybody in town will know before to-morrow night all about this 'Fairville Sewing Machine Temperance Society,' and instead of twenty men at the Town Hall, there will be fifty or a hundred! I'm afraid, Tom Blinn, that it's all up with you. What a blind fool you were not to give Peterkin the ten dollars he asked for!"

"It's easy enough to talk now," answered Blinn, impatiently. "You'd have seen him in the lower regions first, if you'd been in my place."

"Maybe I would. But that doesn't help your case any."

"What's to be done?" asked Blinn in a helpless sort of way; for he was a man easily scared. "If they get up a temperance society of that kind, every toper in town will be whipped in as like as not."

"Its novelty will make it town talk," answered the friend. "All our temperance people will rush in to help it along, and unless they run it off the track, good-by to your prosperity."

"They'll do that, sure," said Tom, catching at the suggestion, and brightening a little.

"I wouldn't like to bet on it," was the friend's cold comfort. "It's a good hit! I didn't think Peterkin had so much in him."

"Curse him!" growled Blinn, savage as a wild beast.

"A splendid good hit!" went on his friend, "and bound to succeed. The price of a sewing machine a week saved by twenty men, from their tipple! When all Fairville, drunk or sober, looks that in the face, the jig's up with Tom Blinn, and no mistake! There'll be only one thing for him to do."

"What?" queried Tom.

"Pull up stakes."

"Easy said."

"It will have to be done, my friend. When that new machine gets into running order, there'll be no place on this track for you. So, take my advice, and get off of it as early as you can, or you'll be knocked off—in other words, sold out by the sheriff—before next Christmas."

"See here," growled Blinn; "if you don't stop this, I shall be tempted to throw you into the street."

There was just a shade too much of angry earnestness in Blinn's voice to please his friend, who quickly retorted—"A thing you would scarcely try a second time."

"Try what a second time?" Tom's eyes flashed.

"To throw me into the street."

The two men eyed each other with quickly rising passion.

"I'll do it in no time, if you don't take care!" said Blinn, losing command of himself.

"You miserable hound!" cried the other, fiercely clinching his fists. "Talk of throwing me into the street! Now's your chance! Try it—try it!—will you?"

All of Tom Blinn's bad blood went seething to his brain, blinding and maddening him. He threw out his hands with a sudden eagerness, grappling at the throat of his companion; but ere the intended grip was made, he reeled back among his decanters, striking them with a crash.

"You'd better not try that little experiment again," was the coolly spoken sentence that came to his ears, as he recovered his suddenly lost equilibrium. "I'm a fast friend, but a bitter enemy."

Blinn answered with a fearful oath, cursing him and his friendship, and made a second attempt to seize him by the throat. A second time the blow of a trained pugilist dashed him against the wall. This time it was given full

in the face, which in a moment was covered with blood.

Two men entered the saloon at this instant, and seeing the state of affairs, ran out for the town constable, and with his assistance arrested the belligerents, whom they found in fierce conflict, fighting desperately like dogs. Both were locked up for the night.

In the morning, Tom Blinn, when brought before the justice of the peace, presented a most sorry and crestfallen appearance. His face was cut, bruised, and swollen, and his clothes torn and dirty. His friend—friend no longer, as any one could see—did not show a scratch or bruise. There was quite a crowd at the magistrate's office when they were brought in by the constable, for the news of their arrest had spread all over Fairville. Among these were the twenty men who had taken steps, on the night before, to organize the new Temperance Society on the sewing machine basis.

"What have you to say about this?" asked the Justice, addressing Blinn, after the constable and other witnesses had testified to the fact that the two men were found in the bar-room fighting savagely.

"Nothing," answered Blinn, in a dogged way.

"Did this man strike you?" inquired the Justice.

"I have nothing to say," replied the saloon-keeper.

"And what have you to say?" asked the Justice, turning to the other prisoner.

A slight shade of humor, touched with malignancy, flitted across his bad face.

"I'll tell you the whole story, if you care to listen," he answered, with cool assurance.

"Very well, sir; let us have the whole story," said the Justice, with all the official gravity he could assume.

"Well, sir, you see, I was 'round at the City Hall last night. Tom wanted me to go and report. When I got back, I didn't find him in a very gay humor, for business had been shockingly dull; and the story I had to tell didn't go to improve his temper. I told him it was all up with him in Fairville, and that he'd better pull stakes and set himself down in some other spot, where they hadn't found out that twenty men, by saving their grog money, could buy a sewing machine every week. That if he didn't do it, he'd be sold out by the sheriff before next Christmas. This made him mad, and he began to talk saucy; and of course I talked back, for I won't stand sauce from any man. Then he was fool enough to pitch into me,

when I punished him, as you see. That's the story in a nut-shell, your honor. All the trouble came of this new society they're getting up, to buy sewing machines for lazy women, as Tom Blinn says, and ruin an honest man's business."

"It's a lie!" roared out Blinn, at this point. "I never said a word like that."

"Silence!" cried the Justice, "or I'll commit you for contempt."

"Just his words, y'r honor," said the other. "But of course it goes hard with a man when his bread and butter are in danger, and we mustn't be surprised if he says things he'd better keep to himself; and would, if not off his guard."

The two men were very bitter against each other, so the Justice bound them over to keep the peace. In less than an hour, every man, woman and child in town knew all about this affair; and especially its relation to the sewing machine movement. The friends of temperance at once bestirred themselves, and did all in their power to give public sentiment the right direction. There was not a shop, a store, or an office in Fairville, in which the surprising fact that twenty men, by saving their grog money, could buy a sewing machine a week, was not discussed.

"I never looked at it in that light before." "What a shameless and cruel waste of money!" "No wonder Tom Blinn is scared!" And so, in a hundred different forms, the people expressed themselves, each helping to strengthen public sentiment in favor of the new movement.

That night the Town Hall was crowded, and Blinn's saloon empty. The committee to draft a constitution for "The Fairville Sewing Machine Temperance Society," brought in their plan of organization, which was discussed, article by article, and fully adopted. Thirty names were signed to the constitution—thirty names of men who, on their own confession, did not spend less than fifty cents a day in drink.

The constitution was short and explicit. We give it entire, for the benefit of other towns, where the money that should buy sewing machines for poor, overworked women, goes to enrich lazy saloon-keepers:—

**ARTICLE I.**—This society shall be called "THE FAIRVILLE SEWING MACHINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY."

**ART. II.**—Every member shall pay into the hands of the treasurer three dollars weekly, until it amounts to the price of a sewing machine, and pledge himself not to drink any intoxicating liquor for the space of one year.

**ART. III.**—Whenever there shall be money enough in the treasury to pay for a sewing machine, the right to draw a machine shall be decided by lot; and the person to whom the lot falls must, before receiving the machine, give good security for his weekly payment of three dollars, until the sums so paid amount to the price of the machine. This casting of the lot must be repeated each time there is sufficient money in the treasury to buy a sewing machine, until every member of the society shall have received a machine.

**ART. IV.**—The society, during its existence, shall meet in the Town Hall, weekly, for social intercourse and mutual help and improvement.

A movement so earnest, so sensible, so well guarded and based as this, could not possibly fail. We have no room to follow the particular doings of the society, nor would the narrative be of sufficient interest to claim the reader's attention. But the result is so full of hopeful significance, so suggestive of the good that may be done in hundreds, nay, thousands of neighborhoods in the land, that we give the brief and cheering record.

In just twenty weeks from the day Peterkin rallied the hard drinkers of Fairville to make a stand against the common enemy, the pleasant music of twenty-five sewing machines was heard in twenty-five dwellings, where the silence of hopeless toil, or patient endurance, had too often only been broken by bitter reproaches or angry abuse. Words are too feeble to paint what all this involves—all of comfort, and hope; of peace, and rest, and joy in life.

We have only a sentence for Tom Blinn. He took his friends' advice, after sitting for a week or two like a spider in his web, waiting for flies that were too wise to get their wings tangled in his net, and "pulling up stakes," went off to try his luck in some far away place, where he trusted no one would ever hear of a "Sewing Machine Temperance Society."

May we be forgiven for wishing him the ill-luck to be mistaken in his confidence; and to help our wishes, we send after him this story of what was done in Fairville, and may be done in thousands of other places.

Who next will move in the formation of a Sewing Machine Temperance Society? It needs but an earnest pioneer in almost any town to insure success.

—oo:oo—  
**A GOOD MAXIM.**—"No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife."

## THE MAN WITH A STONE HEART.

THERE were such great rejoicings at the christening of Pastor Blumenthal's little son, that the poor child was almost forgotten, and finding himself left alone, towards evening, he began to cry piteously.

Unfortunately there was help too near; for as his wail continued, the room gradually filled with a filmy mist, in which those who had been accustomed to tracing cloud-pictures might have seen figures, unsubstantial as shadows, floating about. The pastor's household were all deaf; but the spirits of air were not—they were here now with their restless curiosity concerning mortals, and their fatal gifts, that so often brought misfortune to those on whom they were bestowed.

They were strange shapes, such as children see when they smile in dreams, and little Heinrich smiled as they bent over him, and their long floating hair or loose robes touched his cheek. He soon ceased crying, for one of them knelt beside his cradle, fanning him with her large wings while she smoothed his pillow, and the rest hovered round them speaking in low sweet murmurs that belonged to no mortal tongue.

The child was still restless, following their movements with his wondering blue eyes, until the watcher at his pillow kissed his lips, and laid her hand on his heart. Then there was a long silence.

"What have you done?" asked the gentlest of the band, addressing the guardian of the cradle. "Can you give such repose as this, or is Death among us?" and as she spoke, she scanned the shadowy ranks of her companions, wistfully.

"Not so," replied the watcher, calmly. "Life and Death neither come nor go at our bidding. I have but numbed the child's heart, and in mercy taken from him the power of suffering. He is incapable henceforth of feeling the sorrow of which he had already begun to taste."

"Alas!" sighed the sweet, pitying voice, "what a lifelong cruelty to others will be the life of one whose heart can feel no touch of the finger of sorrow."

The room gradually darkened as she spoke, as if so great misfortune cast its prophetic shadow over the little sleeper, but there was light on his pillow. He lay placidly smiling in his sleep, and the darkness that gathered

round was the foreshadowing of what he was destined to bring on others.

The speaker bent lower over the child, and he stirred in his sleep. Another moment might have wakened him; but there was a sound of coming footsteps—the mist rolled away in silvery wreaths, and silently and solemnly as they had come, the spirits of the air floated away, leaving no trace of their presence, but the abiding one in the heart of the sleeper.

"See how he smiles in his sleep!" said the pastor's wife to the nurse, as they stood by the cradle.

"Ah, mother, that smile of his will cost you many a tear!"

"The child sees something that we cannot see," said the nurse, gravely, as she smoothed the pillow. "May the angels keep him from all evil!"

Little Heinrich was a pattern child, so said all the neighbors. He was never peevish, never unreasonable; he never disobeyed his mother's command, or neglected her request; and yet before he was fifteen he had almost broken her heart. She did not know that sorrow, pain, and anxiety, were words which had no meaning for him, in short she did not know that his heart was turned to stone, or she would not have wondered that his were the only dry eyes among the group that stood round his father's grave. His unfeeling hardness cut her to the heart; but there was no help for it. Heinrich could not feel any sorrow, and he was, to do him justice, too honest to make any pretence to it in deference to custom.

Yet he labored hard to supply her wants, toiling late and early, boy as he was, as if the spirit of ten men animated him. He fought the hard fight and won it; by the time he was twenty, Heinrich Blumenthal was a thriving jeweller, and the widow was mistress of a pleasant home.

Still she was not happy; between her and her son, despite her pride in him, there seemed an impalpable barrier, and this consciousness of separation lay like a leaden weight on her heart.

Heinrich could not understand his mother's dejection. "Why should any one look drooping and sad when they had all they needed?" he asked himself this question almost daily.

It was a continual puzzle to him, and while he was still puzzling over it, his mother died, six years after her husband, and Heinrich was left alone.

He was just twenty-one, the handsomest and most industrious youth in the neighborhood, but Heinrich could not feel loneliness either; and though he might have taken his choice of the maidens of the town, five years passed by and left him single still.

"Herr Blumenthal will never marry," so said every one; but every one was mistaken.

It was a sad day for Ebba Lindenhaus when she entered the young jeweller's shop to buy a ring for her brother; for Heinrich could admire, though he could not love, and it was only natural that Ebba should listen favorably to such a handsome and well-spoken suitor.

Three months after, came their wedding-day, and many a maiden envied the bride as the children strewed roses in her path.

"What a handsome bridegroom!" exclaimed the women.

"What a lovely bride!" said the men, and every one agreed that a better match was never made; but as it often happened, every one was wrong after all.

All the neighbors agreed that Ebba Blumenthal must be very happy, and yet, as the weeks passed on, her blue eyes lost their light, and her cheek its color; her step was slow, and she seemed weary and spiritless. Still she never complained; indeed, of what could she complain? Her husband never stormed, never scolded; never staid out late at night, never refused her requests, nor treated her with the slightest neglect, and yet poor Ebba felt as if an invisible barrier of ice were growing up round her, becoming higher and higher every day.

"Heinrich does not love me," she murmured to herself often over her spinning, and she redoubled her efforts to please him—with no better success.

It might have spared her many a heart-ache had she known that Heinrich could love no living thing, although he was at all times just and even generous.

Sometimes she would bring him little presents in hopes of thawing his strange reserve. After expressing his thanks, he would shake his head, serenely remarking on the waste of time or money, as the case might be; and when Ebba, disappointed and wounded, burst into tears, he conjectured that she must be ill, and could scarcely be prevented from going to fetch a doctor.

Years passed by and left him happy and handsome as ever; he had no heart-troubles to write their traces on his brow. He would rather his wife had looked as bright and blooming as when they were first married; but since she either could not, or would not, he was too practical to give himself any trouble about the matter.

As for Ebba, she grew more dim and shadow-like year by year, till she looked like the white crescent of the moon, seen in the daytime.

"We must take a long journey, wife," said Heinrich, coming in abruptly one day; "next week I must go on business to Fernstadt; it is long since you have been without the town walls, and you had better come with me."

"But the children, Heinrich? I cannot leave Carl and Emilie."

"Assuredly not; they shall come with us also."

"But the way is so long and the road so rough for them," pleaded Ebba.

"Nevertheless they shall come," said Heinrich, decidedly; "let them learn to be good travellers, such as I was at their age."

Ebba made ready for the journey with a heavy heart, fearing she knew not what; but it was useless to argue with Heinrich, he had an answer ready at all times, and she had nothing but her fears to plead.

Heinrich Blumenthal was a good traveller—he never went about seeking easy paths or wasted his time in trying to avoid briers or sharp stones; "straight forward" was his motto, and a very inconvenient one it generally proved for his fellow-travellers.

Ebba had grown somewhat accustomed to blows on the head from hanging branches, wading over boot-tops through marshes, and having her dress torn to pieces by the briers while walking beside her husband; but her heart ached for the children, and time after time she implored Heinrich to stay and rest for their sakes. It was growing dusk, however, before he thought it time to halt, and as they turned to look round for the children, Ebba uttered a piercing cry—little Carl was gone.

"Patience, good wife," said Heinrich, calmly; "he has but staid to rest himself; I will go and seek for him while you sit under the tree."

But Ebba could not rest; she and Emilie followed hand in hand weeping bitterly, looking eagerly round in hopes of finding the little wanderer. Heinrich walked steadily back without speaking until he came to a quiet pool almost covered with water-lilies, and there he stopped, for little Carl lay cradled among the

lilies like one asleep, but Heinrich's keen eye saw at a glance that the child was dead!

For a second or two he stood still with an air of genuine astonishment, then recovering himself, he waded into the pond, returning with little Carl in his arms.

"This is truly amazing!" he exclaimed on meeting his wife. "Had he no eyes?—I never walked into a pond in my life."

EBBA could only answer with sobs. She would not have been so heart-broken if she had known how her little son died: but the spirits of the water-lilies could not tell her how they had risen from their cups and called him to them as he sat down beside the water to rest, and how he had been rocked to sleep on their broad green leaves, with the voices of the birds and the rustling of the trees in his ears. It would have been cruel to waken him from that dream; but he was never to open his eyes on the rugged path again—the Angel of Death passed by as he slept, and before the first day of the child's weary journey was finished, his spirit was at rest in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The spirits of the lilies would have kept him with them; but he was one of the favored race of mortals, and might enter there, while they could not.

Poor EBBA! she knew nothing of all this—she only saw her darling's beautiful face, cold and white as marble, and his bright hair wet with the cruel water.

The spirits of the flowers longed to comfort her, but there are few mortals who can tell what the flowers say, only those who dwell apart with them instead of living among men.

There were only three travellers now, and EBBA's heart was heavy with anxiety for her remaining darling, as they toiled along the interminable forest-path, while Heinrich was unusually grave and silent: he could not account for Carl's death, and was trying to reason it out much as he would have done a problem of mathematics.

"Heinrich, the child is ill!" exclaimed EBBA in sudden alarm, as Emilie came to her mother's side, moaning piteously.

"She is tired," said Heinrich, quietly. "Cheer up, Emilie, we have only a little further to go."

But Emilie stumbled over a stone in the path, and lay there fainting. Her father raised her in his arms and carried her to a little cottage near, where he left her in EBBA's arms while he went to seek for help.

He soon returned with the doctor: the latter shook his head gravely as he looked at the

little sleeper. "The child is dying," he said at length, and the mother's grief brought tears even to his eyes; while Heinrich stood by utterly unmoved. He would have done all he could to save the child's life; but the wall against which he leaned could feel as much sorrow for it as he could; his only feeling was one of surprise.

Little Emilie slept on till daybreak, tossing in her sleep, and murmuring strange things about Carl and the water-lilies. Then her face grew brighter, and she spoke, in low, broken whispers, of a bright angel standing by her, with his white wings outspread, beckoning her to come with him. The child stretched out her little arms as she spoke, and EBBA knew only too well what messenger stood beside her.

Before the morning sun lighted up the tops of the forest-trees and the stately towers of FERNESTADT, little Emilie had gone home to her brother.

EBBA would go no further now; and while Heinrich went on to FERNESTADT, she stayed at the cottage, spending her days lying on the turf under the oak-tree where Emilie was buried, her great sorrow almost swallowed up in amazement at Heinrich's cruel insensitivity to the sufferings and death of his children.

The riddle was soon to be read, for one day, worn out with sorrow, she fell asleep under the shadow of the tree, with her head on Emilie's grave, and in her dream she heard a chorus of tiny voices calling her. "EBBA, EBBA Blumenthal!" The voices seemed to come from the sky, and looking up, she saw that the tree was alive with little sprites. They set swinging on every leaf, opening and folding their wings, and all calling, "EBBA, EBBA Blumenthal." They laughed at EBBA's surprise, a little chirping laugh, and then the voices said again, "Have you nothing to ask us, about Heinrich, or Carl, or Emilie?"

"Have you anything to tell me?" asked EBBA, eagerly.

"We have not, we have not," said the sprites, and they all nodded as they spoke; "we strew Emilie's grave with acorns now, and we will strew it with leaves in autumn, for EBBA's sake; but we cannot answer her questions; she must go to the forest-witch. The witch can tell her why Heinrich's heart is so cold, and what the water-lilies said to Carl and Emilie."

"But I do not know where the forest-witch lives," said EBBA, wearily; "how can I find her?"

"Go down the little wood-path to the right," said the voices again. "Fear nothing that you see or hear; the witch cannot harm you, and if you are brave she will answer all your questions."

Ebba started from her sleep with the little voices still ringing in her ears; the rays of the setting sun shining full on the entrance to the little wood-path which she was to follow. She determined to go, but not then, lest she should alarm the woman at the cottage, and not till the moon had risen did she venture to steal out on her way to the witch's dwelling. The tree-boughs met overhead, making the path dark as night; but in the distance shone a faint star, which she thought was the witch's lamp, and it cheered her on, though the way seemed long and she was growing weary.

Sometimes her dress was held fast for a moment, and sometimes her long hair, as she toiled on, stumbling over the gnarled tree-roots. "It must be the briars," said Ebba, shuddering; but she knew in her heart that they were no briars, but unseen hands that fastened on her, and strove to hold her back.

Had she wavered they would have held her fast; but they had no power against her strong will, and unwillingly they let her go on her way.

The light grew brighter and brighter as she approached the end of her journey; and on emerging from the wood into the clear space in front, she saw that it proceeded from a small silver lamp suspended from one of the boughs of a tree which overshadowed the witch's hut. This lay completely buried in shadow, and after looking round vainly for some sign of life, Ebba tapped lightly at the door.

A harsh, grating laugh from the inside was followed by the appearance of the witch herself. Tall and stately, she seemed like an Eastern queen; even age had not wholly destroyed her charms, and her face, but for its look of fierce determination, would have been beautiful still. She looked sternly down on her shrinking visitor, and waved her hand without uttering a word.

Instantly the flame of the silver lamp shot up into a column of fire, and expanded into a broad blaze that flooded the forest and lighted up the very tops of the lofty pines with the brilliancy of noonday, revealing a thousand terrors to Ebba's bewildered gaze.

Great bats and owls, blinded by the glare which burst on them, wheeled round in hundreds; huge lizards hung by their tails from the trees, and lazily dropped on to the turf be-

side her; serpents twined among the branches over her head, and large ravens looked sleepily down, uttering their dismal croak.

The hut presented a still stranger sight—the dark lake behind it was all alive with terrible creatures; the walls were formed of woven snakes, whose scales sparkled like living jewels; its long waving curtains were made by bats hooked together by their claws, swaying backwards and forwards with their filmy wings spread; while its roof was formed of owls sitting in rows, one above another, nodding and blinking in the bright light: even the pebbles at her feet began to move, showing that they were really toads; and as she stepped back among the knotted roots of the great tree, they glided away hissing, for it was a nest of coiled-up snakes!

Still Ebba's courage did not fail her, and she stood undauntedly facing the witch, knowing that to show a sign of terror would seal her fate.

"You have a brave heart, Ebba Blumenthal," said the witch at length. "Had your courage failed on the journey, you could never have reached me; and had you shown any terror here, you would never have returned alive. What have you to ask the forest-witch? Speak on now, and she will answer you."

"My children," said Ebba, eagerly; "tell me who called them away."

"Come with me," said the witch, taking her hand, and they went away into the forest together. It seemed but a few seconds before they stopped beside the pool that Ebba remembered so well; the moon shone full on it, and the lilies were all lying asleep under the water with folded leaves.

"Rise up and speak," said the witch; "this is Carl's mother."

"We know her, we know her," said the lilies, as they rose up and unfolded their leaves. "Little Carl was weary, Ebba, and we nursed him. He was rocked to sleep on our leaves, and while he slept the Angel of Death came and took him from us to the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Did you take Emilie?" asked Ebba, sorrowfully.

"We called her, we called her," said the lilies again. "Emilie was pining for Carl, and we came to comfort her; we sat by her pillow all that night until the Angel of Death came for her. She is with Carl in Paradise; Ebba will see them again."

The flowers sank under the water again to sleep, while Ebba's tears fell fast on their broad green leaves.

"They know no more," said the witch, taking her hand. "Let us go."

Again they stood before the forest dwelling—the little lamp burnt steadily now, and the door stood open, while on the threshold lay a huge black creature, which disappeared into the hut with a low growl as they came near.

"Have you courage to enter," demanded the witch, "or will you depart now?"

"Not till you have answered my question about Heinrich," said Ebba, steadily.

Again the witch raised her hand, and the column of flame rose with startling brightness, revealing the interior of the dwelling.

Ebba shuddered in spite of herself, as the snakes that formed its living walls shot out their terrible forked tongues with a low, prolonged hiss; but she came closer and looked in. The hut was filled with dark vapor, in which grotesque creatures flitted about, mocking at her as they passed, and stretching out their long claws as if to seize her: but this slowly cleared away and revealed far more terrible tenants. Huge crocodiles lay here and there upon the floor, displaying their enormous teeth; black bears prowled in the darker corners, growling fiercely, and strange birds looked down, uttering piteous cries. The floor was covered with a bright red carpet dotted with black flowers; but as Ebba looked down she saw that it was woven of coral snakes, and the flowers were scorpions!

There was a ceaseless rustle of wings, and now and then a sickening "plash," as some creature, which had climbed up from the lake at the back, to gaze in with its human-looking eyes, slipped back into the deadly waters again and disappeared, leaving a track of pale light behind it.

"Dare you enter now?" said the witch, sternly.

"Yes," said Ebba, calmly.

"Then, follow," said the forest-witch; "but betray one sign of fear, and your first step on that living threshold will be the last!"

Ebba's step never faltered as she crossed the living carpet to the couch where her companion had already seated herself.

"Sit beside me," said the witch; "I will answer your last question now. Heinrich's heart is changed to stone: sorrow and regret have no power to touch him."

"Have you done this?" asked Ebba, wonderingly.

"Not I, but the spirits of the air. I have seen the web of your life; but I never laid my finger on it before to-night. They who have

done this are also at my bidding, and you shall see them come as they came to him in his childhood."

She spoke in some unknown tongue, and the room filled with silvery mist; a child's cradle stood in one corner, and over it bent forms of strange beauty, such as Ebba never dreamed of. One knelt beside the child, hushing him to sleep; but her face was turned from them.

"She has hushed his heart to sleep, Ebba," said the witch, pointing to the cradle, "and that sleep will be a lasting one. The child is Heinrich."

"Is there no help?" said Ebba, piteously, wringing her hands.

"She shall tell you," answered the witch. "Come hither," she continued, addressing the watcher at the cradle.

The spirit came and stood before them. There was beauty in its calm face and dark eyes; but no life, and Ebba's eyelids drooped involuntarily as she looked at the stranger.

"What have you done?" said the witch.

"I have taken from the child the power of suffering," was the low reply. "Sorrow cannot come where I have been. Even I cannot take away that gift of coldness of heart if it has been once bestowed."

She vanished as she spoke, and her companions disappeared also.

"Is there no help and no end, then?" exclaimed Ebba, despairingly.

"Not now and not here," said the witch, gently. "Be patient a little longer. Heinrich's heart will be healed by another hand. Go now; I have given you a guide through the forest."

She kissed Ebba, and motioned her to depart: at the same moment a white dove alighted before them, and then, spreading its wings, flew slowly in the direction of Emilie's grave. "There is your guide," said the witch, turning; and when Ebba looked round, she had disappeared in the cottage.

The dawn was just brightening as they reached the tree that shaded Emilie's grave, and the dove, after resting on it for an instant, spread its wings and soared upwards till it was lost in the sky. Ebba watched its flight as far as her eye could follow it, and then sat down under the tree, her heart full of peace.

At the same moment Heinrich was setting out from Fernestadt in the early morning: in three days more he would reach the cottage, he said to himself; but that was never to be. On the evening of the second day came a mounted messenger, bidding Ebba hasten with him to

her husband, for Heinrich was dying. He had been waylaid on the road and shot, for the sake of his jewels, and the man bade his pale listener ride apace, lest her husband should be dead before they reached him.

EBBA thought of the witch's promise as they hurried on through the night: she could scarcely put faith in it now; but, in truth, it was already fulfilled.

While the tramp of their horses' feet echoed along the lonely road, the wounded man lay alone in a room of the house to which he had been carried, faint with pain and loss of blood, uttering from time to time low moans as he turned restlessly on his pillow; and just as they had come before to still his childish wailing, came the spirits of the air again, filling his room with the rustle of their wings and the murmur of their voices, as they gazed on the record of the dying man's past life now pictured on the silvery mist that floated round him. It was a sad tale—not a pang that he had caused another, not a tear drawn by his hardness, not a link in the mighty chain of sorrow that his hand had wrought was absent there, yet he looked absently on the record as one who sees nothing; he had neither eyes to understand, nor heart to grieve over it. Then his eyes closed, and the two who had watched over his cradle came once more to his side and looked down on the sleeper.

"What can we do for him?" said the gentler of the two. "Have I power to restore his heart to life?"

"It would be cruel now," replied her companion, solemnly; "if he possessed a heart, a glance at that record of suffering inflicted would break it."

"And yet I must try," said Pity (for she it was): "the hours of his life are almost numbered; better that they should be spent in repentance, for no hard heart can find a place in the Kingdom of Heaven."

The sleeper moved uneasily as she bent over him, her tears falling on his cheek, and her hand laid on his heart, striving to recall it to life. The ice of years was melting under that touch; a few moments more, and the spell was broken.

Heinrich opened his eyes again on the picture, and now it possessed a terrible meaning. He saw his father's grief, his mother's longer sorrow, his wife's pining unhappiness, his children's sufferings and death, realizing for the first time the terrible truth that his life had been the bane which had destroyed theirs.

Well for him that the vision vanished sud-

denly, for it was a tale of cruel wrong, such as the doer could scarcely bear to look upon and live.

There was a clatter of horse-hoofs below, and a few words of hurried inquiry; once more the silvery clouds floated away, bearing with them the unseen messenger of peace, and Ebba found her dying husband alone in the moonlight.

The cold, hard glance that had frozen her was gone now: a prayer for pardon, a few words of love and forgiveness, and his head was at rest on the heart which he had learned to prize too late.

Before morning dawned, another came to that chamber. Ebba looked up shivering, as his shadow fell on them, for she had sat under it before, although she had not seen the face which none can see and live. Now she saw him, and standing beside him were two with their faces hidden in the folds of his mantle. Heinrich raised himself up to meet the messenger, and the mantle fell, revealing the features of the unknown guests—Carl and Emilie.

The angel took Heinrich's hand, and turned to depart; but Ebba clung imploringly to his mantle. "Take me, also."

He laid his hand upon her head, and another heart was at peace.

"She is sleeping," said the people of the house, as they stole in at daybreak, and saw her head laid on the pillow beside her husband's; and it was so, for "He giveth His beloved sleep."

**GREAT IDEAS and SMALL DUTIES.**—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life will penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organized, by the deepest and fairest heart.

THAT a man should be just and respectful towards all mankind, he must first begin with himself. A man, so to speak, who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

## GETTING FREE FROM A FRIEND'S FREEDOMS.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

### I.

DECEMBER is dreary. Perhaps that is not the proper word. It is a season for seriousness, as we run over the past year in our thoughts; but it need not be dreary if our conscience is quiet.

But Arthur Briest's conscience was reproaching him, as he sat alone in his room in the firelight. He was in that kind of a reverie which is called a brown study. He felt that he must turn a sharp corner in his course of life, but did not quite perceive how to do it, or where to begin. Circumstances soon helped him to a decision. There was a hop-skip-and-jump step on the stairs, and his door was opened with the familiarity of a friend, who did not stop to knock. Briest rose from his chair, lighted the gas, and welcomed the person who entered, but we must confess that the welcome had no extraordinary heartiness in it.

"Heigho!" cried the new comer, whom we will call Harry Frane. "Heigho! you are sadly in the dumps. I suspected that your moralizing soul would be sombre on this last day of December, and have come to prescribe for you. You must go with us, and make a night of it!"

"I don't think I can."

"You—don't—think! You don't do anything else. Whenever a fellow asks you to go anywhere, you make such a preamble of grave considerations about nothing, that there really is no pleasure in asking you. Come round to my room at eight o'clock. The fellows will be there, and we shall start out at nine, sharp, to see the Old Year out, and the New Year in. We have counted upon you, and shall expect you."

"You need not."

"Oh, but we shall." And the speaker retired with an air of vexation, partly real, and partly assumed. Partly real, because Harry Frane, himself reckless and hasty, never had any patience with those who hesitated to comply with his wishes. Partly assumed, because he judged, from all past knowledge of his hesitating friend, that he would be at his room at half-past seven.

But this time he reckoned without his host. Arthur Briest's reverie, disturbed by Frane's entrance, was this time something more serious

than mere discontent. He had been considering what the last year had done for him, and what he had done for himself. The amount, despite the good resolutions which he had made just a year ago, was not much. In a pecuniary view, he was no better off. In the moral and intellectual aspect of his condition, he was worse. To be sure, he had gained experience, but the review of that was not of the pleasantest; and unless he could improve its lessons, he had gained nothing whatever.

His personal independence had been sacrificed. The event of the last twelvemonth was the making of Harry Frane's acquaintance; and Arthur Briest began to suspect that in finding a friend he had installed a master. Everything which he wished that he could forget, in the past year, had some connection, remote or direct, with Harry Frane. By him he had been introduced to various phases of city life, to which he had before been a stranger. Frane had trespassed on his business hours, plainly, as Briest could not fail to have seen, to the disgust of his employers. And though he had chivalrously defended his friend, he could not but be conscious that he had done so at his own expense. Briest was beginning to question whether any good came of the intimacy, to either party. He was sure that he derived no advantage from it. And he began to doubt whether Harry had really any pretext for the gratitude which he seemed to exact, or for the compliance in all his plans which he rigorously demanded of him. Briest really had no wish whatever to join in noisy frolic; and as to disappointing a dozen good fellows who "counted on him," he could not see the force of that plea. What right had they to assume that he would join them, without consulting him? And what excuse was there for the pretence of disappointment, if he chose to have a mind of his own?

Briest looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to eight. He started forth, but hesitated for a moment or two on the door-step. The fascinating assurance of Harry Frane was strong upon him, and he felt, "I must break the chain, now or never!" So he resolutely set his face in the direction opposite to Frane's lodgings, and walked away, resolutely, as if for dear life. Not that he had any particular

object in view; or if he had, it was only to escape from himself, and—from Harry Frane, who had managed in a few months to become his other self.

The clock rang out eight, and he now felt that he had escaped from the danger of his own irresolution. "Shall I turn back to my room? No, for I am sure that Frane will be there waiting for me, with the gas turned on, and one of my segars, my best Havanas, glowing at the end of his nose. Let him wait." And then he recollects that he had never learned how a segar tasted, until he made the acquaintance of Harry Frane. So he walked slowly, and pondered. Something discomposed and dispirited him. He thought it was because he had not smoked since tea-time, and his hand was already on the latch of a tobacconist, when he checked himself. "No, I won't," he said. "I am a slave to tobacco, and it is quite enough to smoke while Harry is with me, and to keep him in countenance while he consumes my segars."

So he sauntered on. Suddenly a thought struck him. "Here I am, before the house where the Lacey's live. I have not seen them for an age. And I promised my sister that I would call on them, when I was at home, last summer."

Miss Harriet Lacey was very politely glad to see him. And so was Mrs. Lacey. And Mr. Lacey, who had long since retired from business, but still diligently read the "money article," was delighted to have some one drop in, to whom he could talk of gold and stocks, and legal tenders. Arthur made himself so agreeable, and found the evening so pleasant, that he was not aware how the hours sped, until he happened to discover that the old gentleman was asleep in his chair. Mrs. Lacey was scarcely better, and Harriet's eyes sparkled with fun, as Arthur Briest rose, not a little disconcerted, to take his leave. He could not go away, however, without blundering into further confusion.

"I shall have the pleasure, Miss Lacey, of saying to my sister, when I write, that you are all well."

"Thank you, Mr. Briest. When did you write last?"

"Oh, it was—let me see—before I went home in August. I promised my sister then that I would call on you with her remembrance."

"We have exchanged several letters since then. I shall mention, in my next, how *promptly* you have done your errand."

"Yes, promptness is everything," said the old gentleman, waking just in season to catch

the last words. "It is your best friend in business, and I am glad you have so rare a virtue, young man. Call again, and we will always be glad to see you."

To explain was impossible. Arthur's cheek burned as he passed out; and he thought he heard a noise very like a young lady's laugh, with an old lady's accompaniment, as he went down the steps. The night air cooled his burning cheeks, and after he had walked a square or two, and thought it over, he laughed himself. His thoughts had now a direction infinitely pleasanter than when he left home. "Decidedly pretty, that friend of sissy's," he said to himself. "Self-possessed, lady like, intelligent and agreeable. I wonder that I never noticed it before."

The bells chimed twelve; the Old Year out, and the New Year in. The noise of revellers broke the silence. "I wonder where those wretches are by this time," he said. "Herc goes for side streets, lest I should meet them." And his detour made him so late that he heard One strike, the first of the New Year, as he fitted his key to the street door. Something to his surprise, his landlady stood in the hall, with a very severe countenance, though it grew a shade lighter as Briest, in the most polite manner, wished her a happy New Year. Women's sight is quick, and their other senses too. So she did not need to be told that whoever had been on a frolic, Arthur Briest had not. She only said—"You have had company in your room, Mr. Briest, in your absence. All have gone but Mr. Frane, and he said he should share your bed."

Sure enough! There was Harry Frane, sound asleep. The rooms had a strong smell of first-rate tobacco, which is always A No. 1, in point of furious and almost unextinguishable odor. And by the bottles and glasses huddled upon the table, Briest discovered that they had found smoking dry amusement. "The last bottle," said Briest, "of the last dozen that Harry Frane shall persuade me into buying—and,"—holding the bottle between his eyes and the light—"empty, at that. Cigar-box in the same case. Best meerschaum on the stove hearth. And Harry Frane fast anchored in the very middle of my bed! It is well he drew his boots off. The lounge shall serve me for tonight," he continued, after having scanned the flushed face of his guest, and listened to his hard breathing. "You have finished yourself for me, young gentleman!"

Briest was on his feet in the morning betimes, and had removed the traces of the debauch, and

nearly finished his toilet, before his companion awoke. Then, with a yawn, Harry Frane called out—"Ain't you a fine fellow, Briest?"

"You must be superfine, then," Arthur retorted. He had slept off his anger, but not his resolution.

"I told you," said Frane, that we wanted you to make a night of it; and that you must come round to my room. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, he went to the mountain."

Arthur Briest was not in a frame to waste words. "Hurry up and dress, Harry," he said, "and come down to breakfast."

"Not in *this* house, if you please. Is there just a drop in that bottle to open my eyes?"

"Not a drop," said Briest. "You took good care of that."

"Then open another."

"There don't happen to be another on the premises," said Briest, "and will not be while I occupy them."

"Hoity-toity! But that won't be long. We have found other lodgings for you, and you must give your landlady notice to-day."

"I think not," said Briest, calmly.

"By George, you must!" said Frane, as he lazily yawned himself out of bed. *I* shall never come here again, after the impudent manner in which your landlady treated us. She turned the rest of the fellows out of doors, but *I* was not to be driven. Go with me to breakfast, and come and arrange things with the termagant afterwards."

"Not a step out of this house shall I go, Harry Frane, till I have had my breakfast."

"Every one to his fancy. If you like a moral lecture from a strong-minded woman, you can remain and receive it. There is a vacant room in our house, of which you can take possession this evening."

"I shall positively do no such thing," said Briest, firmly.

"But what shall *I* do then? I have never liked this house. I have seen Madam Starch-and-Vinegar developing, and knew she would insult you, or your friends, some day. So I bespeak the first vacancy in our house for you."

"You must un-speak your bespeak, then."

"What shall I say for you?"

"For *me*? nothing. I have had nothing to do with the arrangement."

"I must confess, I think this shabby treatment."

"What you think, Harry, I can't help. I intend, henceforth, from this first day of the

New Year, to be master of my own thoughts and actions too."

Exit Harry in a huff. Briest descended to breakfast, and good-naturedly parried the jokes, which assailed him from all sides and corners of the table. He took the first opportunity to anticipate whatever the landlady might have intended to say to him: "I need hardly assure you that I regret the disturbance in my rooms, last evening, and am quite as much offended at the liberty taken with my apartments as you can be. Hereafter you will be kind enough to deny admission to all callers for me, in my absence."

## II.

Package expresses are among the pleasantest and most convenient of modern institutions. You can time the arrival of parcels to a day; and that was what Arthur Briest's sister did with her present to her brother. He found quite a formidable package of home-tokens awaiting him at the store. He made no delay in sitting down to acknowledge their receipt, promising that a certain particular parcel with in the parcels, should reach its destination that very day.

It was evening, however, before he found time to deliver it. Perhaps he might have managed to run round to the Lacey's during the day; but then he would have no leisure to wait and talk with—old Mr. Lacey! He was quite as much obliged to his sister for remembering Harriet, as he was for any of his own testimonials. He was determined to make the occasion an opportunity to recover his position, lost by the awkwardness of the evening previous. For, having no headache to nurse on the first day of January, he began to feel symptoms of what might amount to a heartache, if not carefully treated.

He was astonished at himself for not having discovered, before, what a right clever girl was Harriet Lacey. He had been cogitating under what pretext he might venture to call again on her, and how soon; and here was the very opening. It was not an act of intrusion, but a duty, which took him round to the Lacey's that very evening. He had not to apologize for calling, but to express his regret that he had been so occupied during the day, that his New Year's congratulations were deferred till evening.

"All right, all right!" said the old gentleman. "Business before pleasure, if it is a pleasure to you to call, as it is to us to receive you. The New York fashion of making New Year's a holiday, has not come in vogue here. And I hope it won't, sir. I hope it won't!"

Mr. Lacey, like many other old men, was inclined to be garrulous. Miss Harriet Lacey was so old-fashioned, that she thought she must look at her father and listen to all he said. And Mr. Arthur Briest found it a good opportunity to study Harriet's face without her suspecting it. So he fancied. But no woman can excite admiration and be attentively watched without being aware of it. I don't think Miss Harriet disliked it at all, in this particular case; for Arthur Briest was not a person whose admiration would offend any young lady.

So the second evening at the Laceys went off to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned. Arthur managed, somehow or other, to contrive excuses for another call; not for the very next evening, but pretty soon after.

Not to anticipate, we must now go back to our friend, Harry Frane, and see how he passed the day. In the first place, his breakfast was not agreeable. The coffee lacked point, the steak was but so-so-ish, and the whole affair was deficient in that best of sauces, a healthy appetite.

His head ached wretchedly, and his landlady intensified the pain by a polite request that certain arrears, considerably overdue, should be forthcoming—for she had her New Year's bills to meet. Harry dared not say "unwell" once, for had he not been out all the night before? And the headache, confessed, with the bad hours, understood, would form a short but conclusive chain of circumstantial evidence against him. His only refuge was in ill-humor, and his vexation at Briest aggravated that ill-humor wonderfully. The day dragged wofully, and none the less so that no Harry Frane came round, as he fully expected would be the case, to smooth things over, and make all straight again between himself and his friend. While he ate his breakfast, Frane comforted himself by mentally rehearsing how cold he would be, and how severe; and how he would thus make Briest regret his conduct, and plead like a culprit. But nobody came begging unto him, and Harry Frane found that he must be the pleader. He *must* see Briest, and—borrow a hundred dollars.

So, in the evening, forgetting his threat never to go to that house again, Harry Frane called and inquired for his friend. Mr. Briest was out, the servant said.

"Never mind; I am an old friend, and will wait for him in his room."

"Very sorry, but he took his key with him. He will be very sorry too. Perhaps you will walk in the parlor and wait."

"Perhaps I *wont*," muttered Harry to him-

self, as he turned away. "I'll fix that young chap, I'll—"

What! Harry did not say. Probably he could not think of anything severe enough for the ingrate to whom he owed money already, and who was so miserably mean, that he did not forego all other engagements, and wait at home to lend him more. As his only apparent shelter, Harry Frane took refuge in a billiard-room, and stayed there till he might safely conclude his landlady had retired for the night. And thus commenced his New Year.

Pass we over a month. Arthur Briest would not let down his old companion too suddenly. But he made him understand that cigars in his room were a forbidden luxury, and all potations a nuisance, and that cards could not be tolerated. He showed him farther, that he, Arthur Briest, did not feel bound to wait at home for chance callers, or to go always where he was bidden by Harry Frane. He reserved the right to make engagements with other people. He practically denied that the confidence of friendship required him to state exactly how and with whom he passed all his evenings. Once Harry would have indignantly declined his acquaintance on such terms. But then he sadly needed *that* hundred dollars. We may as well state here that he did get the loan without interest, but with some good advice. He was glad to have the money on any terms, and reserved his comments upon the advice until he was out of hearing. Arthur considered the moneys lent as a good investment. Many a man, he thought, has purchased his freedom at a much higher price.

Arthur Briest's employers were not blind to what was passing. He had been many years in their counting-room, and was thoroughly at home in their business. They had purposed to invite him to take a share in the copartnership, and hints had been given of that intention.

We need not say what had caused the plan to be delayed, farther than to remark that the more intimate grew the companionship between the two young men, the less was said of the partnership. Now, rather late for a New Year's arrangement, but still in season, the proposal was made, and readily accepted. Old Mr. Lacey, to whom that newspaper was fullest of news which contained the largest number of commercial advertisements, congratulated Arthur Briest warmly. He knew from the first that his "promptness" would be the making of him.

Now, according to all propriety, Miss Harriet Lacey ought to have been looking steadily at her father, as his discussion on "prompt-

ness" went on, for he said a great deal more in praise of promptness in general, and of Arthur in particular, than is necessary here to set down. Miss Lacey ought also to have been truly attentive, not suffering her thoughts to run back to that New Year's evening. And, according to all previous experience, Arthur should have been looking uninterruptedly at Harriet while her father talked; and thus the radii of their vision would have been safely at right angles, and their eyes could no more have met than the comet could strike the earth. But by some unexplained accident their eyes did meet. They both blushed scarlet—then looked confused—and then foolish—

"Dear me!" cried old Mrs. Lacey, who was watching them, "I have dropped a stitch!"

"I'll take up the stitch, mother," said Harriet, catching at the escape.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Lacey; "and Mr. Briest will help you, with all his heart. It will be knotting, not knitting."

"What is it?" said old Mr. Lacey. "What are you doing? What is it all about?"

Nobody answered, and the old gentleman went on with his oration—for, as we have said, he was a trifle garrulous. He preached long on commercial integrity, for his own satisfaction, and Arthur's benefit. I don't know whether the young couple understood, or as much as heard him; but they understood each other from that moment, and Mrs. Lacey read them both.

The climax was reached on Thursday, December 31st, A. D. 1868. I am glad to say that Harry Frane was first groomsman, having paid his "I O Us" months before, and renounced his questionable convivial practices. The reader may not be interested in the first bridesmaid, but Harry Frane was. She was his friend Briest's sister. So something more still may come of all this, when Harry Frane demonstrates his power to withstand temptation. Miss Briest will be in no haste to commit herself.

### PITY 'TIS 'TIS SO.

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

**H**OW much we see to pity, John,  
Here in this world below!  
All things, almost, make us exclaim,  
What pity 'tis 'tis so!

We pity evil—pity good;  
We pity, love and hate;  
The poor, the wealthy, and the proud,  
The little and the great.

We pity all mankind, dear John,  
Their weakness, folly, crime;

Their laughter, curses, and their praise,  
In speech, or prose, or rhyme.

We pity Right—we pity Wrong;  
Right, when oppressed, betrayed;  
Wrong, when stern Justice speaks the doom  
That makes the wretch afraid.

I pity him who pities me;  
And so it is arranged,  
That pity, like small silver, is  
From heart to heart exchanged.

So universal Pity is,  
The streams not wider flow;  
And in a certain sense, dear John,  
A pity 'tis so;

For oftentimes we pity most  
Him that no pity feels—  
Some sin-stained wretch, that fears and flees  
Our pity at his heels!

And often thus doth pity stray  
(And pity 'tis 'tis so)—  
And grieveth o'er unworthy things.  
Which are but pity's foe!

'Tis pity Paradise was lost!  
Ten thousand pities so—  
That o'er its happy threshold crossed  
Man's everlasting foe!

Then 'twas that Pity's self was born,  
When Eve saw Abel slain!  
Then Heaven pitied all its works—  
God even pitied Cain.

And never since was human wretch  
So hated, lost, defiled,  
But Pity o'er him dropped a tear,  
And claimed him as her child.

Oh! never since plunged human soul  
From earth to death's cold wave,  
But pity wrung her hands, and came,  
A mourner, to the grave.

So kind and tender Pity is,  
She pitieh even Sin!  
And fain, through Heaven's blessed gate,  
Would pass the culprit in.

But God, who loves her from above,  
And pities Pity's tear,  
May not entrust the golden key  
With one to earth so dear.

In all the multitudes that fill  
The present and the gone,  
I see some few, among the rest,  
To pity most, dear John.

But let us turn our eyes away  
From life's unhappy show,  
Since we can do but little more  
Than pity what is so!

## LOCAL LECTURES FOR WOMEN.

[The following, from *Macmillan's Magazine*, will be read with interest.]

HISTORY repeats herself in the tale of great reforms. First of all, vague complaints and impossible projects are heard, and cease again at intervals, like broken dreams before the day. Then the sufferers learn to take a juster view of their trouble, and to estimate how little or how much can actually be done to relieve it. When they have learned this, the real conflict begins. The fabric of injustice or of ignorance is assailed from a hundred points; on every side allies start up whom nothing but the sense of isolation has kept silent till now. Principles and counter-principles are stormily discussed, schemes of all kinds are ventilated, resolutions are passed, and divisions taken. At last the hour of victory comes; sometimes late and lingering, sometimes nobly in advance of hope. But it is almost always found that, beneath the turmoil, some quiet, unostentatious agencies have been at work, and have done not a little towards the ultimate discovery of the right or removal of the wrong. The prison-house has not only been shaken by the thunder, but also sapped by the stream.

It is clear that we are on the brink of a great change in the whole system of written and unwritten laws which bear upon women. The coincidence in time, and convergence in direction, of so many distinct and disconnected movements affecting the status of women, is a sign politically unmistakable. And one of the indications of the healthy and necessary character of the impending changes is this—that private agencies are already beginning to put in operation, on a small scale, several of the projected reforms, and to find their practical working satisfactory and safe. For instance, the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers" have already taken measures, supported at present by moral force rather than legal stringency, to secure the co-operative shares and savings-banks deposits of the married women of their society from the clutch of drunken or improvident husbands. Here we have an instance of a public wrong righting itself by individual agencies, and affording good hope that legislation will follow where private equity has led.

Again, there is a wide-spread demand that the professions, and especially the profession of medicine, should be thrown open to women. And here also we find that a few ladies have

taken the matter into their own hands, and found an entrance, by honorable though rugged ways, into the ranks of those who heal; and we find that the good results of this have been so clear that the great University of Paris has just thrown open to women its medical degrees. Lastly, one of the most urgently expressed demands of the day is for a higher education for women—for State encouragement, for admission to universities, for fresh endowments, or at least for the restoration of endowments unjustly diverted from their original destination. Well, in this direction, also, an unofficial agency has arisen, which, in a year's time, has dotted the United Kingdom with companies of young women, receiving an education in many respects as good as their brothers', and affording, by the social, financial, and intellectual success of these local lectures, a happy augury for the future training of their sex.

The first item of progress which I have to notice is the formation of associations of schoolmistresses in the large towns of the North. These rallying points for scattered teachers are a greater boon than the world, which knows little of such women, can readily imagine; for the worst misfortune of the schoolmistress is her isolation. Masters in schools are mainly university men, and so hang together; but the schoolmistress has often had to teach herself, and scarcely knows any one in the world. Solitude like this is apt not only to depress, but to demoralize; for the schoolmistress, unsupported by the opinion of other teachers, will often yield in despair to the fancies of ignorant parents—fancies which she finds the power and the courage to resist when she knows that her own educational convictions have been successfully reduced to practice by other schoolmistresses more experienced than herself. These associations combined to form a North of England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women, of which Mrs. Butler was elected president, and Miss Clough secretary; and the Council immediately carried out a long-held idea of Miss Clough's, which was, in a word, that girls' schools, by co-operation, might secure first-rate teachers, who should give lectures of a strictly educational character, to be accompanied by reading at home, and supplemented by examinations or subsidiary classes, where the pupils might be questioned and their knowledge tested. Mr. Stuart, Fellow

of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the first lecturer thus engaged. He lectured in the autumn of last year on Physical Astronomy, in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, to audiences which increased after every lecture, and which at last numbered six hundred in all. These six hundred were not all, nor most of them, school-girls; very many were governesses and young women past the school age, and living at home. Most of these wrote papers in answer to questions set after every lecture, and certainly showed, by their diligence and accuracy, that the instruction had fallen on eager and receptive minds.

In the spring of this year Bradford joined the connection, and the task of lecturing was divided between Mr. Charles Pearson, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Mr. Hales, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. The total audience in these towns increased to six hundred and forty, and in April and May, Clifton and Cheltenham added two hundred and fifty more.

During the summer the scheme has been spreading, and local lectures are being delivered this autumn in Manchester, Bowdon, York, Sheffield, Newcastle, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Clifton, and Cheltenham.

In England alone, then, there have been audiences this autumn amounting to some one thousand five hundred young women in all—as many as the young men at Oxford.

The lecturers have in most cases been Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges; the subjects have been taken mainly from English history and literature, although science of a sterner kind has occasionally been attempted with success. In Edinburgh a scheme substantially the same has been started with brilliant success. Here, however, the impulse was given, not so much by actual teachers as by private ladies interested in education, and especially by Mrs. Crudelius. The "Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association," numbers among its honorary members nearly all the leading men of the city, while its connection with the University is maintained by the choice of the lecturers from among the Edinburgh Professors. Last winter Professor Masson delivered a course of thirty lectures on the History of English Literature, which were attended by two hundred and sixty-five pupils, ninety-four of whom, by written essays and a written examination, obtained professorial certificates on the same terms as University men. Most of the students were between twenty-two and thirty-five years old. Their papers received the highest praise from one of the University examiners who was en-

gaged to look them over, and the serious importance attached by the University to the movement is attested by the announcement for the coming winter of a second course on English Literature from Professor Masson, a course on Logic and Mental Philosophy from Professor Fraser, and a course on Experimental Physics from Professor Tait. Each course is to consist of forty lectures, delivered at the rate of two per week, and it is hoped that the Professors will resume and repeat their subjects every year. Similar courses have been delivered by the Professors at Glasgow, and at the Queen's College, Belfast.

It is remarkable, also, that at almost the same moment, when these local lectures began in England, M. Duruy, the Minister of Education in France, issued a circular to the Recteurs, calling their attention to the deficiency of a higher education for women, and ordering them to supply it, which has been done in some fifty towns by the repetition, on behalf of women, of the courses of secondary instruction which are afforded in the provinces to young men. In Italy, too, a very strong desire for higher education has lately been shown by many Italian ladies, who believe that their country needs above all things a social renovation, which the gross ignorance of Italian women renders at present impossible.

I have not space to compare at length the benefit which a young woman may receive from these local lectures, with the benefit which her brother may be receiving at college, but I may just remark that I do not see why, so far as actual teaching goes, the sister need have at all the worst of it. Divinity Professors, paid at the rate of a hundred pounds a lecture, she certainly will not get, but the modest remuneration of the men who do the real work of the Universities may easily be rivalled by the co-operative guineas of such a class as the schools and homes of any large town can supply. And experience shows that this catechetical teaching is more useful to most young people than private reading would be. "A mere book," says Plato, "cannot speak or question or answer for itself;" while the lecturer, as he's been observed, is not only a speaking book, but many books, and a book in English and not in German. The contact of mind with mind is a metaphor, but in the case of oral teaching it is a metaphor closer to the facts. And women are still more susceptible to this advantage than men. This, at least, is a difference which has been widely noticed in practice, and such differences are worth noticing, for it is only by providing for

the differences in the habits of the minds of the sexes that we shall do justice to their essential equality. This remark applies not only to the methods, but to the subjects of teaching, and it is probable that a solution of the vexed question of a common test for the two sexes will ultimately be found in an extension of the principal of alternative papers of equal difficulty, but on different subjects, already adopted in our Cambridge Local Examinations and elsewhere. One or two collateral advantages of the local lectures may be briefly hinted at:—1. They contain within themselves a germ of University extension. 2. They confront young women in a reasonable manner with reasonable men. 3. They encourage and help governesses, who attend in large numbers, and are glad to hear good teaching and to know of the best books. 4. They form a nucleus for educational libraries, and for the friendships of fellow-students. 5. They pay.

It should be clearly understood that the lectures are of a strictly educational character. After each lecture the lecturer sets questions, which are answered on paper: he corrects, annotates, and returns each answer severally. And let him remember that girls are weaker, and cannot stand so much teaching as boys, and that this is a reason that when they are taught they should be taught not worse, but better.

There are still probably many parents who, without fears on the score of health, without difficulties on the score of money, do yet desire to debar their daughters from the pursuit of the nobler learning, through some idea that love of knowledge is not a genuine virtue, and that ignorance in women is agreeable to men. These are the parents of whom the Endowed Schools Commissioners tell us that accomplishments are all they really wish their daughters to learn, and these with the view of securing husbands. Now, to condescend for a moment to the tone of these persons' minds, I would tell them that even as children of this world they are less wise in their generation than the children of light. Matchmaking mothers, like other tacticians, are apt to underrate the sense of their adversaries. In the battle of drawing-rooms, music and water-colors are nothing to conversation. It does not pay anything like so well for a girl to be accomplished as to be amusing. Now nobody can amuse one long who is not well-informed. It is all nonsense about men being afraid of information in a wife. Young men about to marry are not such fools as they look. At any rate, it is the best policy to be prepared for either event, and to

remember that it is easy for a well informed girl to imitate ignorance, if the exigencies of an eldest son should require it, while it is quite impossible for an ignorant girl to imitate understanding. Clever men are said to marry silly wives. That is because they cannot find sensible ones; and my belief is that the men whom ignorance charms are scarcely worth charming. Plutarch says that the man who wants to keep his wife stupid, that she may go on caring for him, is like the rider who is obliged to make his horse kneel down before he can get on its back.

You may say that it is disgraceful that the education of women should be discussed in this tone, and upheld on grounds like these; and it is disgraceful. But is it not much more disgraceful that it should be necessary to uphold it on serious grounds and against serious attacks? Is it not disgraceful that men should be found to profane the names of wife and mother by speaking as if the fulfilment of the duties of those holy relationships were the exclusive privilege of fools?

"The strongest reasons I have," says a clergyman, "for not wishing the enlargement of women's minds, is, that it will make them irreligious." It appears, then, that God is like a Chinese joss, who will fall out of any mind that is not narrow enough to prop Him up on both sides!

There were men in an earlier generation who wished to keep the whole nation in ignorance that the nation might be better fitted to obey its lords. But these Tory peers, who would fain have checked manufacturing industry because the artisans at Leeds and Birmingham learnt how to read and write, and sometimes even to speak for themselves—these peers, I say, were not a whit more foolish or more wicked than the men who would still lock the gate of knowledge upon women, because it is beyond their proper sphere. It is God, not man, who determines the sphere of every living thing, and He has determined it for men and women alike, by giving them an intelligence which it is their duty to cultivate, and energies which it is their duty to employ. The sphere of women, indeed! at least motherhood is within woman's sphere, and is the mother's influence—that educational engine to which all others are child's-play—to be entrusted to designed incompetence and predetermined imbecility?

Prejudices revenge themselves on their holders, and many a man, whose domestic theories sound lordly till life has tested them, finds his

own scorn of women return upon himself, not only in the nothingness and the frivolity of his wife, but in the disorders or the ruin of his son.

But some men would have women educated in such things as will fit them for the duties and positions of wives and mothers, and in nothing else. The men who speak thus show that they have failed to comprehend the very first and most rudimentary notion of a liberal education. For a liberal education is one which is specially intended—so far as man's imperfect methods can compass an end so fair—which is intended, I say, to fit its recipients for *all* duties and for *any* position, by rearing them for that most comprehensive of all duties, and in that earliest of all positions which have been summed up forever in the words, "Glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

By all means, if there be any branches of teaching which specially fit women for the duties of the home—and such knowledges there are, and they are taught too seldom now—let women learn them; but understand that she will only learn even these things rightly if you teach her greater things as well; and remember that the benefit of each science or each skill is not measured by its practical use when we have attained to it, nor even by the permanence of its details in our memory, but by the grasp of mind which we have gained along with it, and by the gentleness and serenity which follow our introduction to truth.

These lectures, then, are a small thing accomplished, but they are a great thing begun. And, as in all efforts which really help women, it is women who have been the first to stir. It is women who must go on. There are many men who will give them sympathy and help; there are some men who will, if need be, give the best years of their lives to the cause. But from the general public, women who want a higher education need expect nothing better than indifference. And indifference will do. All that they need is to be let alone; the rest must be their own act. For invading armies may dash the iron from the slave, but the freedom of the soul and the intellect can be conquered only from within.

Let women consider, then, what a duty is here! Let the thoughtless remember that it is not themselves only, but their whole sex, whom they outrage by frivolity or sloth. That a man should be pleased with ignorance in a woman is a folly; that a woman should therefore acquiesce in ignorance is a crime: for the first

duty of women—I say it again—is to please, not men, but God, who has set us here to help each other and to glorify Him, tasks which need all the wisdom that life or death can teach.

#### THE PROPRIETIES AT HOME.

SAYS the author of the "Philosophy of Domestic Life":—From the conduct of many people, we must suppose that they consider the family a place where they can throw off all restraint, loaf or lounge round, with no attempt to keep up the appearances, and hardly the decencies of life. How many people there are who indulge in habits of conversation and conduct in the family that they would be ashamed of anywhere else! The rough brutality and tyranny of the half-civilized and untutored ruffians in certain precincts in large cities, in their own families, are no more below their ordinary conduct outside, where they observe decorum, so far as they are capable, than the entire disregard of the convenience and feeling of the wife and children, shown by many men in good society, in their own parlors and drawing-rooms, beneath there demeanor in the society of others like their own family.

#### MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

TO make children true, earnest men and women, to develop the unselfish qualities of their natures—the true province of the family—the parents must not seem to have, but possess in reality, all the virtues desirable in the children. The child learns the language, temper, and morals of the family; he grows like the family; but it is his heart more especially that is moulded, shaped and impressed by it. His head, his more purely intellectual qualities, although influenced to a great extent, does not so invariably and ineffectually bear the parental impress.

A boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown inexpressibly weary towards the close of a Sabbath-day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but rather over-strict father, and gravely said:—"Pa, let's have a little spiritual fun." This was too much not only for the gravity, but also for the strictness of the father, and for once he "let nater caper" till bedtime.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### THE LOST LEGENDS OF THE NURSERY SONGS.

"To market, to market, to buy a plum cake;  
Home again, home again, not one baked.  
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;  
Home again, home again, not one done."

ONE cold, windy day in spring, a little girl stood all alone knocking at the door of a farm-house. She was tidily dressed, except that instead of hat or bonnet she wore a pale yellow handkerchief over her head; and in her hand she held a bunch of primroses, as though she had been wandering through the lanes.

"Whose little girl are you?" said the woman who opened the door.

The little girl only smiled and said—"They told me to come here."

"They told you! Who, in the name of goodness?" said the farmer's wife.

The little girl could not tell; they had said she was to come here. "May not I come in?" she said; "it's so cold."

"But where on earth do you come from? Can you tell me that?" asked the woman.

"From where the primroses grow!" replied the child, holding up her flowers.

"My patience, child! What's your name, then? Come!"

But that seemed the most puzzling question of all; the little girl could not answer it in the least.

"My patience!" cried the farmer's wife again. "Husband! girls! here's a child that doesn't know her own name!"

Everybody in the house crowded to the door, and everybody began asking the little girl questions at once; which did not make matters any clearer.

"It's all very well," said the farmer's wife at last, "but I'm not going to have her in, whatever you may say. We have mouths enough to feed already; so there!" And she looked fiercely at her husband, who, quiet man, had not the slightest intention of proposing such a thing.

"But look you," said a neighbor who happened to be calling, "the child's a rich person's child, or she would surely know what her name is and where she comes from. There will be a great offering of rewards for her before long, and of course them that kept the child will get the money. I'll take her, if you won't."

But these words had made the farmer's wife change her mind, and she refused to let the little girl go to any one else, and made haste to take her in.

The days went by, and no reward was offered or inquiry made. Then people changed their minds again, and said the little girl was some gypsy's child, and they called her "The little stray," or "The gypsy lass." But some who were of a kinder spirit called her Little Primrose, because of the bunch of primroses she had brought with her, and her primrose-colored handkerchief.

The farmer's wife grumbled a bit, but she did not turn her away, for she had found out by this time what a handy little maiden Little Primrose was. It was a pretty sight to see her sit and sew, the needle flew in and out so nimbly, and the patch was fitted, or the darn made so knowingly. And as she became bigger, Little Primrose—for so she was commonly called—would sweep the passages, and dust the rooms, and feed the chickens, and fetch the cows, and skim the milk, and do many other jobs besides. But though she did her work cheerfully, and was gentle and obedient, the people of the farm were not very fond of the stranger child. They were so different in their tastes. The girls would talk much of dress, and were fond of noisy company and boisterous play, and loud talking and laughing, all things which Little Primrose did not like. And the boys would run after her to pull down her beautiful hair, which fell below her waist, and would call her gypsy girl, and names like that. So Little Primrose was much alone.

"Primrose, I hear that your brother is come to see you," said the eldest daughter to her one day, as she was helping to make up the butter.

"You know that I have no brother," replied Little Primrose.

"I don't know anything of the sort," returned the other. "You may have half a dozen gypsy brothers all about the country. Anyhow, this one is a stray, and without belongings, just like you; only he will never get so good a home as you have got, for he can't work, he is lame, or sick, or something. He lies in the old tool-shed at the entrance to the glen. I wonder you have never been to see him yet."

She spoke laughing; but Little Primrose determined that she would go. She knew what it was to be alone among strangers, and she felt full of pity for the little sick boy. As soon as her work was done she ran to the shed. There lay a boy who looked a little older than herself, but so pale and ill that Little Primrose's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. Somehow she had so fully expected to find a little boy that she did not know what to say to so big a one; but she made up his bed as comfortably as she could, and promised to come again soon. Not a day passed that little Primrose

did not run over there, in sunshine or rain, bringing a cup of milk or anything else that she had been able to save from her share at meal-time, and she found the stranger always so gentle and courteous, that she began to think that boys might not be always rude. And they agreed that since they were both alone in the world, they would belong to one another, and be brother and sister.

"I wish I had a little money," said Little Primrose. "I would buy some medicine for you to make you well."

"I do not think it is medicine that would cure me," said the sick boy.

"What then?"

"Well, I have a strange longing for a cake. The words keep coming to my mind:—

"A little white cake

My cure would make:

"And sometimes I fancy it must be true, though it sounds foolish enough."

Little Primrose feared that a cake could never really cure any one; but the next baking-day she said to the farmer's wife—"Oh, mistress! do make a little cake, just for once, for the lame boy in the shed."

"Not I," said her mistress. "I have no time for such nonsense, whatever you may have."

"Then will you let me make it?" said Little Primrose. "He does want it so."

"No, indeed," said the mistress. "Do you think I can afford to make cakes for beggar-boys, when it's as much as I can do to put bread into our own mouths? Don't let me hear any more of such nonsense, or I shall stop your going to see that boy any more. It's hardly proper as it is, and I wonder you should like to go tramping off to see nobody knows who, the way you do."

Little Primrose was afraid to say any more, but went about her work. It was a wild, windy day in March, very much like the day on which she had first come knocking at the farm-door; and when she drove the cows out into the field again after milking, Little Primrose had to stop to twist up her hair that the wind had blown down about her shoulders. While she was doing so, she saw an old gentleman passing along the road. It was strange that he should have ventured so far from the town on such a day as this, for he was hardly able to battle against the wind; and while she was looking, a gust caught him, and away flew hat and handkerchief, umbrella and spectacles, in different directions. The old gentleman ran after first one and then another, and by the time that Little Primrose could get to the place, he was already on his way again. But there was still one thing left, caught fast in the hedge, and when Little Primrose saw it, she cried—"Oh, the wind has blown off his hair! How strong it must be!"

And she clapped her hand to her head to make sure that her own hair was still safe. In pulling the thing out of the hedge, however, Little Primrose found out that it was not his real hair, but a

wig, and, much relieved, she set off after the old gentleman, shouting and holding it up.

"Bless me, bless me!" he exclaimed, when she reached him, "that mine, eh? Dear, dear, so it is! Would not have gone through the town like this, not for any consideration. Head-warmer, you know—cold day," added he to Little Primrose, who stood holding his gloves and umbrella while he fitted on the wig again. "Good girl, give her a penny if I had one with me. But children now-a-days so grand, don't care for pennies, eh?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Little Primrose; "I never had a penny of my own."

"Bless me, bless me!" cried the old gentleman again. "Strange child—give her sixpence, eh? There, spend it in lollipops, eh? Unwholesome stuff!"

And the old gentleman hobbled away, leaving Little Primrose in the middle of the road with the sixpence in her hand. What should she do with it? Her great ambition was to have a clasp-knife to carry in her pocket; should she get that? But no, surely sixpence would buy a cake. She would get a cake for the sick boy next time she went into the town.

The following day was market-day, and the farmer's wife said to her—"Primrose, you must go to market. There are several things that I want, and I have not time to go myself."

Little Primrose joyfully tied on her kerchief, took the big basket on her arm, and set out. She looked into her pocket several times on the way, to make sure that her sixpence was still there; and as soon as she had done all her other commissions, she went into the great cake-shop in the high street, and said—"If you please, I want to buy a cake."

"What sort of a cake?" asked the grand lady in curls and flounces behind the counter.

"A plum cake," said Little Primrose; "but only a small one." For she thought that very likely the plums would make it more expensive.

"Dear me," said the shopwoman, after looking round, "there's not one left. We have some baking, though; if you can wait half an hour, there's a batch in the oven at this moment, but we have not one baked."

But Little Primrose could not wait, for her mistress had told her to make haste home, so she was forced to put off buying it till the next market-day.

As she trudged home, her feet seemed to beat in measure to these words, repeated over and over again—

"To market, to market, to buy a plum cake;  
Home again, home again, not one baked."

When she went to see the sick boy that evening, she told him about her sixpence, and how she had hoped to bring him home a cake, for they liked to tell one another everything, as people do who are very fond of each other. She should be sure to get it next market day, she said.

Before the next market day came, however, a travelling tin-woman visited the farm with pots

and saucepans. The farmer's wife went to the door to look at them, and presently called to Little Primrose.

"It's her mother come to fetch her," said one of the children.

But her mistress said—"Primrose, did not you have sixpence given you the other day? You have not spent it yet, have you? Because I very much want this little saucepan, and I have no change in the house. It is only fivepence; you shall have a penny back, and that is quite enough to spend on rubbish."

"Oh, but, mistress," said Little Primrose, "I want to spend it on the lame boy. Do please let me keep it!"

"Always the lame boy!" said her mistress. "As if there were nobody here on whom you might spend it. Now don't be silly, but go and fetch it. Why, you will have the use of the saucepan as well as any one else." And she never let her alone until the bright silver sixpence was safe in the tin-woman's big pocket, and instead of it poor Little Primrose received a dull, dirty-looking penny.

"But never mind," she said to the sick boy, when she told him about it that evening; "a penny will buy a plum bun, and that is a little cake, you know; so perhaps it will do as well."

In a few days there was a fair in the town, and the farmer and his wife and family all put on their smartest clothes to go there. Little Primrose must go, too, to carry the basket and take home the things that they bought; but she had no smart clothes, and she tied her kerchief over her head, took the big basket and her penny, and set off.

At last the basket was full of the things that had been bought, and the farmer's wife said, "Now you may go home, Primrose."

Then Little Primrose ran straight to the cake-shop again. There were plenty of cakes in the window this time, but Little Primrose would not let herself look at them, but walked straight in and put down her penny on the counter, saying—

"Please to let me have a plum bun."

"I am very sorry," said the shop-woman, "but we have just sold our last. There are some more making at this moment, but not one done. If you will come back in a quarter of an hour I can let you have one."

"I will wait this time," thought Primrose, "for I must have my bun."

So she went outside and leant against a door-post to wait, putting down her heavy basket at her feet, and turning her penny over and over in her hand as she stood. Presently the youngest boy at the farm saw her, and ran up crying—"Oh, Primrose, give me that penny! I do so want to go and look at the peep-show, and I have spent all my money."

"I cannot give you this penny, it is for the poor sick boy; you would not like to take it away from him. Ask your mother, I dare say she will give you one."

"She won't; she says I've spent money enough," said the boy. "I don't care for the sick boy, I want your penny;" and he began to cry and blubber, for he was a spoilt, selfish little fellow.

"Oh, for shame! what an ill-natured little girl not to give the poor child a penny, when he wants it so much," said a passer-by. "Give the poor little fellow that penny."

The little boy, on hearing this, thinking that every one was sure to be on his side, darted forward, snatched the penny out of Little Primrose's hand, and ran away with it.

It was all Little Primrose could do to keep from crying now, especially when a fresh, steamy smell told her that the newly-baked buns were at that moment being brought into the shop. It was not because she had been called hard names, though that was disagreeable enough, but because of the disappointment to the sick boy; and when was she likely ever to get a penny again? She went slowly homewards, and her feet seemed to beat time as before, only that this time the words were—

"To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;  
Home again, home again, not one done."

She had turned out of the high road into the lanes, but though there were primroses and violets, and many wild spring flowers, all round her, she did not stop to notice them as usual, but walked straight forward, thinking of her sick friend's disappointment, and wishing that she lived with people who were more kind and considerate.

She was startled out of her brown study by hearing, or thinking she heard, her name called. "Little Primrose!" There it was again; a voice such as you might expect to come from a butterfly or a ladybird, but as clear and distinct as possible. Yet there was no one in sight, no one behind the hedge no bird in the air above, that could have said it.

"Little Primrose!" This time her eye fell on the primrose-covered bank, and lo! standing on a large primrose-flower, she beheld the loveliest little fairy in primrose and dog-violet-colored robes, and with a pair of wings like a May-fly.

"So there was not one done!" said the fairy, when she saw she had caught the little girl's eye. "And the time before it was just the same—there was not one baked. What! you look surprised; but we fairies know everything. Did you never hear of us before?"

"Yes," said Little Primrose, sitting down beside the plant on which the fairy was balancing herself with her wings shining in the sunlight. "I have read of you in an old book belonging to my mistress's children. But I thought you lived in the woods and wilds, where nobody comes."

"We are everywhere," said the fairy, speaking so vehemently that the primrose nodded beneath her. "In that baker's shop, for example: did you notice a ray of sunlight that streamed in from a back window?"

Little Primrose thought she remembered it.

"Do you remember the hundreds of motes dancing in it?" continued the fairy. "Those motes are our fairy children's hobby-horses. There must have been a hundred of them, at least, playing in that ray when you were in the shop. Oh, we have many ways of knowing all that goes on. You know the little creatures that you mortals call money-spiders?"

"Oh, yes! they are bright red," said Little Primrose.

"Just so," replied the fairy. "Did it never strike you as odd that they should be so bright when all other spiders are brown and gray? It is we who have put them into those scarlet coats, for they are our postmen; have you not noticed how fast and busily they run? Then the little beetles are our pages, and wear our livery of green and gold. And we fairies are only one of many races that fill all space where you mortals say there is nothing."

Little Primrose glanced round, half expecting to see the earth and air crowded with the fairy-like creatures of whom her companion spoke. "Why cannot we see you?" she said.

"Because you live in such a noise and whirl, and bustle and glare, that your eyes and ears are become too dull to catch sight and sound of us," replied the fairy. "If people did but remember our presence sometimes, when they think they are alone, they would behave very differently to the way they do."

Little Primrose was still silent, thinking over what she had just heard, when the fairy spoke again in a lighter tone—"So there was no cake for Little Primrose! Does Little Primrose still want a cake?"

"Oh, yes, kind fairy; indeed I do."

"Come to the glen at sunrise, then; and so adieu," and the fairy was gone.

Little Primrose went home so joyful that she forgot how heavy the basket was, and how long she had been standing about at the fair. She should see her fairy friend again to-morrow, and the sick boy would get his cake; and who could tell? it might cure him—a fairy cake! Would the hundred little fairies, who were riding on mote hobby-horses, fetch it from the cake-shop, she wondered.

Half an hour before sunrise, Little Primrose was up and dressed. She stole out of the sleeping-house, and down to the glen. Every leaf and blade of grass was heavy with dew, and the little birds were only just waking up; she could hear them chirping their good-morning here and there as she passed. But when Little Primrose came to a spot from whence she could look into what was called, from its richness in flowers, the primrose and anemone dell, she stopped, amazed at the scene before her. The whole place was covered with fairies, all busily at work. In the middle, on a large dock-leaf, a ring of fairies were kneading and mixing the cake, while the rest flew to and fro, bringing the

materials. It was made of sweet powdery pollen, gathered from a thousand flowers, moistened with the juice of pressed primrose blossoms, and made light by having five hundred white butterfly's eggs put into it, each egg being first beaten up with the yolk and white separate. The fairy egg-beaters quite covered the fallen trunk of a tree as they sat together on it, whipping their eggs until it was time to pour them in. As the sun rose, the cake was finished, and put into a crystal oven, heated with the first rays of the rising sun, collected from the dewdrops round.

Now Little Primrose's fairy friend had time to speak to her. "You were early here," she said; "but since you kept quiet, it is all right. If a word had been spoken, the spell had been broken. Listen, now!"

As she spoke, the sun rose clear above the horizon, so that his whole circle was visible, and at the same moment the fairies, joining hands in numberless companies, circled in flying rings round and round the crystal oven, singing while they did so with such sweet fairy music, that Little Primrose stood as one in a dream. A strange feeling came over her, as though she must have seen and heard them before, in that same place, long ago. She meant to ask her fairy friend whether it could be true that she had done so, but before she had opened her lips the fairies wheeled about in their dance, and came towards her, the foremost bearing the fairy cake, round, and white, and sweet-smelling. Next came fairies carrying beautiful robes, of a size to fit the little girl; and lastly a group of fairies led along four cream-colored ponies, harnessed to a chariot made of one large shell of mother-of-pearl, lined with bright-blue cushions.

"Choose, Little Primrose," said her fairy friend. "Will you have the fairy cake, or the beautiful robes, or the princely chariot?"

Little Primrose looked. The robes were very grand; how her mistress's daughters would admire them! And it must be very charming to drive about in that chariot; she would take the sick boy beside her; there was room. But how much better it would be that he should be made well—that would be worth more than all those beautiful things.

"I will have the cake, please, kind fairies," she said, "and thank you for making it."

Instantly the cake was put into her hands, and fairies, robes, and chariot, had disappeared. Little Primrose turned and ran back up the glen, her old brown dress clinging damp about her, and her feet wet through in the long grass. But not for a moment did she repent of her choice. As she came near the shed, she began singing for joy—

"To fairyland, to fairyland, to see the fairies bake, Home up the glen, and up the glen, to bring the fairy cake."

"Look!" she cried, as she danced into the shed, "here is a cake at last—a fairy cake! Eat, eat it, and be cured!"

And while the sick boy took it, she began telling him of the beautiful sight she had seen, and of the fairies' dance and song. But in the middle of her story Little Primrose stopped short. The cake had indeed done its work! the sick boy was sick no longer, lame no longer. He was a beautiful prince, with a face glowing with health and happiness, as he threw his arms round Little Primrose, and thanked her for all she had done for him.

"Now the spell is broken," he said; "now I may go back to my own beautiful home, and you shall come with me, Little Primrose, and we will never part again."

"I!" said Little Primrose, wishing for a moment for one of those grand fairy robes, as she looked down at her shabby frock. "I cannot live with you, Prince, in your great palace. I am only a poor little servant-maid."

"Can you remember nothing, then, before you came here?" said the Prince. "Think, Little Primrose. Have you forgotten the gardens in which you used to play, and how your father would hold you up to gather the fruits and flowers that were above your reach?—or the river on which we sailed together, and fed the swans?"

As he spoke, the memory of all her childish life came back to Little Primrose, and she cried—"I do, I do remember! Where have my thoughts been all this time? But how came I here?"

"A witch who is an enemy to our house did this," replied the Prince. "She saw how happy we were together, and for very malice she spirited you away by enchantment into this country."

"Oh! and now I remember," said Little Primrose, "how the fairies found me crying in the glen, and wove me a kerchief from the primrose flowers because I was bareheaded, and bade me come and knock at the farm-house door. And did the witch do the same to you?"

"No; she let me alone," said the boy, "until I set off in search of you, having heard from the fairies of your whereabouts. Then she cast a spell upon me that made me unable to travel any further. But she could not keep us apart, you see,"

and now it is all right, for her power is at an end. Come, let us thank the fairies for their friendliness."

As soon as they came outside the shed, the troop of fairies appeared again, and behold they still had with them the robes and chariot that Little Primrose had refused. A company of them closed round Little Primrose, singing—

"You chose for another, now take for yourself: Come clothe her, come deck her, each fairy elf!"

And the shabby dress was gone, and Little Primrose found herself clothed like a princess, while the fairy kerchief on her head changed into a wreath of unfading primroses. The prince lifted her up and placed her in the mother-of-pearl chariot, and seated himself at her side. Little Primrose still felt as if it were all a dream.

"Oh! I must say good-by to them at the farm," she exclaimed, as the chariot began to move forward. But perhaps the prince had his own opinion as to how much the farmer's family deserved at Little Primrose's hands; at any rate, though he turned the cream-colored horses towards the farm, they never stopped to let Little Primrose get out, but passed swiftly on with flying manes. All the family came crowding out to admire the beautiful princess, and bowed and curtsied low before her, little thinking that she was the maid-of-all-work whom they were accustomed to scold and order about. She had only time to fling them a purse of gold that she found in her hand, and then the fairy steeds whirled the chariot far away.

Past trees, and streams, and flowery banks they flew, and still the band of fairies flew with them. Strangers who saw them pass perceived only a cloud of dust that hid the beauty of the chariot from their eyes; but the Prince and Princess saw the glittering robes and wings of their fairy friends, who flew with them all the way until they reached the end of their journey, and were led by their subjects with shouts of joy into their palace home, where they lived happy ever after.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### OUR FATHER.

BY JOSEPHINE FULLER.

HOW sweet seem the words, "Our Father," when lisped by childish lips! With how much of trust are they spoken by the light-hearted ones!

Artless worshippers! they do not realize all the power of this simple expression. Yet who will doubt, as they watch the slumbering innocents, and see the happy smile parting the crimson lips and

dimpling the round cheeks, who will doubt that the words, "Our Father," have not called down bands of unseen angels, who linger lovingly over their closed lids, and fill their dream-land full of pleasant fancies?

"Our Father," we say as we grow older, and the tempter comes. Perhaps we speak indifferently enough, for heart and brain are dizzy with the artful promises of deceitful pleasure. With what longing we stretch our eager hands to grasp the

forbidden cup! The poisonous fumes from the deadly liquor have intoxicated our whole being. In the rapturous bliss which obscures our vision and dulls our ears, the voice of conscience can scarcely be heard.

We are drawing nearer, nearer the fearful peril. We believed God had forgotten us in our wanderings. But the half prayer, so lightly uttered, saves us even then. He who is ever watchful, hastens to our relief, dashes down the seducing bowl, and snatches us away from that gaping ruin.

"Our Father"—how pleadingly we speak these words as we mourn over the ashes of a fallen idol! Alas! we had too fondly trusted. We had said—"Our own, our beautiful! we will ever have faith in thee, so pure, so noble!" But our adored was clay, and we stood in speechless amazement, and with chilled hearts, as we saw the spots that blackened our once stainless ideal. And as we turned away with a crushed spirit, we said bitterly, friendship is naught but mockery. Our Father points us to the Saviour, who in His sorest agony was deserted by His nearest companions. He who had suffered so much, tells us that if we will only follow Him, we may safely put the most unbounded confidence in His words, and that He will cling to us closer than a brother.

"Our Father!" we exclaim in anguish, as we watch the fading away of a cherished one. In vain we clasp the thin hands, gaze into the shadowy eyes, press the feeble lips, and murmur over and over words of tenderness. A faint smile beams on the dear, patient face; and even while we hope and say, "God will not now take our loved," the gentle spirit has flown.

Our quivering voices could scarcely syllable the words, "Our Father," then. Still He supported us, and promised us that if we would do His bidding, we should again enfold our darling in a world where partings are never more.

"Our Father," we say, when the winter of distrust passes over our lives, and men judge us darkly, falsely, and with suspicious regards. How the golden links of trust that bind us down to earth are severed one by one, whilst the heart is palsied with loneliness and desolation! It would surely break then, were it not for the sustaining strength of the Saviour.

How pitiful are the great eyes that look down on us, and fill with the memory of a sadness that darkened them centuries ago, when He abode in the world with sinful man. He remembers the heavy burden that almost pressed out His own life in the Garden of Gethsemane, in the hour when the gloomy shadow of human distrust seemed to reach even unto Heaven. All the reminiscence of that terrible agony comes to Him, when His whole soul was wrung with more than mortal suffering; and crimson drops, that dampered His shining locks, were forced to His brow.

What pathos there was in the submissive entreaty He poured out to His Father—"Let the cup pass

from me if Thou wilt." But that is all over, and the lips that moved in mournful supplication then, are ready with the balm of healing now. What blissful emotion fills His heart, as He realizes that His sorrows were not in vain. He sustains us with soothing words, He comforts us with holy thrills, as he tenderly enfolds us in His loving embrace. The cold and selfish look on and wonder, little suspecting the source of all our strength. It is a cheering thought to feel that, though regarded with distrustful eyes by those around us, we have a Friend above who never can misunderstand our motives and actions.

"Our Father," we say when care and sickness make the days so long and nights so weary. He still remembers us, and gives us varied skies and moonlight glimmers, and speaks so earnestly to us of the frailty of the things of sense, and of the grandeur of what is eternal.

"Our Father," we say, when dark, vapory clouds of loneliness press heavily on the drooping spirits. He straightway gives us airy fancies and bygone memories to drive away cheerless melancholy. We visit elegant and crowded drawing-rooms, where dainty perfumes vie with those of luxuriant flowers, and rare furniture and rich costumes borrow an added loveliness from the mellow lights around.

We pause, not to imagine how much of seeming happiness is unreal, but we float away on fleecy wings; and, amid the ruins of ancient cities, we ponder reverently on thoughts of the great and good who have lived and have done their life-work nobly; and we turn away with disgust from those of the weak and wicked, who have sought only the aggrandizement of petty self. Again we are seated by our own firesides, and live over the deeper and happier life of long ago. Again we listen to baby voices; as we hold the little forms to our own, we feel again that indescribable thrill of overflowing tenderness we have not known since our children have grown to be men and women, or have gone to the beautiful city of our Father.

"Our Father," we murmur, with grateful lips, when kind words and acts of those around us tell us that they love and care for us. And for all the gifts and blessings we daily receive, from our full hearts come the words, "We thank Thee, our Father." And if we do right, we know, in another world, "where flesh no longer wars with spirit," and "where we no longer see through a glass darkly," that over the fair hills of Eden, and mingled with enchanting music, we shall still hear the words, "Our Father!"

#### THOUGHTS FROM BEECHER.

CLOTHES and manners don't make a man; but when he is made, they improve his appearance.

A MAN who has never had the care nor felt the love of children, who has not been taught self-denial by his desire for their good, is, so far forth, not a perfect man.

## A PLEA FOR KNITTING.

BY E. B. D.

WHAT has become of the knitters? Genuine, old-fashioned knitters, we mean, who understand all the mysteries of "heel and toe," "narrowing," and "seam-needle;" and who can, if necessary, knit a pair of man's socks complete in two days? The crocheting and fancy knitting of the present day is, valuing it according to its results, unworthy of occupying the place of this homely but useful employment.

Now and then there is some old lady—God bless her for preserving the traditions of our youth!—who still clings to the four slim steel needles, and, mayhap, the knitting-sheath, and keeps the feet of her grandchildren warm and comfortable. But how few there are of the present generation who know anything about it! Not long since, to pass away a tedious hour on board a river boat, we took from our basket a tiny mitten we were knitting in the good old-fashioned style; and it was amusing to see the number who gathered around, interested in the manner of widening the thumb, and the various processes in making the pretty toy complete. Such ignorance as they displayed! I was ashamed for them, and indignant at their mothers, who certainly had never compelled them to knit a daily "stent" of "twenty times round," until from the slowest and most irksome of tasks, it became a positive delight, and they felt lost if they sat down to book or paper without the ever-present knitting.

Knitting is not a very profitable employment in one sense. Even when one is a rapid knitter, the result is slow—still slower if the hand is not perfect master of the work. But knitting should not be considered as a steady, daily employment. It is work to be caught up in a spare moment, and dropped as quickly; to occupy the hands at twilight, when it is too dark to see, and still too light to bring out the lamp. It is the work for odd minutes, half-hours and hours—times when one would otherwise be idle. And when we consider, what is actually true, that we can thus do the winter knitting for a whole family, its results are not so insignificant after all. And every one ought to know, though probably few do, how very much longer hand-knit stockings last than those which are bought already made.

Then there is another argument in favor of knitting. Very many women, in the press of household duties, cannot help but have a half-feeling, whenever they sit down to read, that they are wasting time which might and ought to be otherwise employed; while, if they could call in the aid of the knitting-needles to keep them company, and have a comfortable consciousness that, even as they amused and rested themselves, the stocking for Tommy's chubby foot, or the mitten to cover Freddy's rosy fingers, was progressing in

their hands, they would read oftener and longer, and be all the better for it.

It is a homely accomplishment, but a useful one; and, when once acquired, one that the possessor would be unwilling to lose. It is a judicious friend and companion, capable of occupying the attention when required; but ready, when it is desirable, to retire utterly to the background—asking only the company of the hands—leaving mind and thoughts free for other matters.

## THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

HERE is an odd tale with this title, which we find in an English journal, which we do not remember ever to have heard before:—

In the summer of 1213, a boy was noticed wandering from town to town in France. His hand was never stretched out for alms, nor his voice subdued into the beggar's whine. He belonged not to the tribe of vagrant students, and still less to that of the mountebank or the picaroon. Neither did he carry either of those universal passports—the palmer's staff, or the gleeman's cithara. Unlike each and all of these, his mien was saintly and his conduct irreproachable. Wherever he went he chanted the words, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!" pausing only to indulge in fervent prayer. In a little time he was universally revered as the messenger of Heaven, and happy was that house esteemed wherein he deigned to take up his lodging. But soon alarm began to permeate and deepen the awe with which he was everywhere regarded. And truly the effect of his example was appalling. All at once a strange infatuation seized on all the boys of the same age. No sooner was his voice heard in any town or hamlet, than out they poured, mustered in his track, and accompanied him blindly whithersoever it pleased him to direct his course. Bolts and bars were useless to restrain them; tears and prayers to turn them from their purpose. They hastened to quit father, mother, home, everything that was dearest, to follow this strange leader, and chant with him—"Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!" They came to him by twenties, by hundreds, by thousands. Every day added to the throng, until at length no city would consent to receive them within its walls. Having gathered this great host, he directed its march towards the shores of the Mediterranean. Himself led the way reclining in a chariot lined with cloaks. After him pressed the countless throng, chanting—"Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross." And every instant they trampled the weaker to death, as they struggled for the place nearest to their leader's car, for he among them was envied exceedingly who could touch his person or gather a thread from his robe. In the end, the whole of them perished on the land or in the sea.

## HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

### FIFTY WAYS OF COOKING FISH AND OYSTERS.

In the selection of fish, make sure that the eyes are full, the gills bright red, and the flesh firm and stiff. If the flesh is flabby, the eyes sunken, and the gills of a dark color, the fish is stale. They should be thoroughly cleaned when first procured, and washed in just sufficient water to cleanse them. If much water is used, the flavor will be diminished. Sprinkle salt in the inside, and if they are to be broiled, add pepper. Keep them in a cool place till you wish to cook them. Fresh-water fish are apt to have an earthy taste, which may be removed by soaking them in salt and water after cleaning. Most kinds of salt fish should be soaked in cold water ten or twelve hours before cooking them.

Fish are broiled, fried, boiled, baked, stewed—in fact, cooked in every imaginable fashion. In every manner of cooking the greatest attention and cleanliness must be exercised. A broken, disfigured, abrazed, or ill-cooked dish of fish, presented at table, is quite sufficient to destroy the taste for it forever.

1. To Broil Fish.—Fish for broiling are best to remain a number of hours after having salt and pepper sprinkled on them. Have the bars of the gridiron rubbed with a little butter, and place the inside of the fish down on the gridiron, and nearly cook it before turning it; butter the skin before turning it towards the fire. Broil the fish slowly over a clear fire, without blaze or smoke, and butter it after placing it on the platter.

2. To Broil Shad, Mackerel, and Salmon.—Have the bars of the gridiron well greased with lard, lay your fish on, flesh side down; when half done, turn it and finish, skin down. When done, pour over sweet cream if you have it, or spread over a little butter.

3. To Broil Salt Herring.—Wipe your herrings, dry them well in a cloth; you may slightly split the back, or make a few incisions crossways. Rub with flour, or dress plainly, by placing the herrings on the gridiron about six inches over a clear fire, or before it; turn often, and in a few minutes they will be done.

4. Another Way to Broil Salt Herring.—Cut off the head, open it up the back with a knife, and remove the backbone of the herring; put in about an ounce of butter and chopped parsley, with a slight tint of onion. Fold two herrings together in some paper, so that the fat does not escape; broil gently for nearly twenty minutes, and serve. The butter is to be enclosed between the two herrings.

5. Broiled Mackerel.—Prepare by boiling a short time, a little fennel, parsley and mint. When done, chop all together fine; mix a piece of butter with it, a dust of flour, pepper and salt. Cut the fish down the back and fill it with this stuffing. Oil the gridiron, and oil the fish. Broil over a clear, slow fire.

6. To Broil Fresh Herrings.—Clean and scale, remove the head, open on the back, and take out the gut. Make three incisions on each side, throw some pepper and salt over them, broil for ten minutes, and serve plain, or with either plain melted butter or fish sauce.

A little mixed pickle, chopped fine, with melted butter, makes a good sauce for herrings.

7. To Broil Salt Cod.—Put your fish in soak over night; in the morning let it drain and dry on the gridiron, in front of the fire, a few minutes; grease your gridiron well, then broil your fish thoroughly brown on both sides. Then put it on a board and beat it with a pestle or hammer till it becomes entirely soft. Pour on boiling water, and after a minute drain it off. If the fish is very salt, repeat the boiling water two or three times, then pour over sweet cream, or a little butter. If the fish is not very salt, you may omit the soaking over night.

8. To Broil Salted Salmon.—Cut in small pieces of about one quarter of a pound each, slantways, rubbed with either butter or oil, and broiled gently. Serve plain, or can be broiled, wrapped up in oil paper. Serve with butter or tomato sauce.

9. To Broil Eels.—When you have skinned and cleaned your eels, rub them with the yolk of an egg; strew over them bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, sage, pepper and salt. Baste them well with butter, and set them in a dripping-pan. Serve them up with parsley and butter for sauce.

10. To Boil Fish.—Put the fish in the saucepan, and a little more than half cover it with boiling water. Cover the lid closely, and boil gently until done. To determine when fish is sufficiently boiled, draw it up upon the fish-plate, and if the thickest part of the fish can be easily divided from the bone with a knife, it should be at once taken from the water. A little saltpetre may be added to the water, to render the boiled fish firm.

Some cooks prefer to steep the fish in salt and water from five to ten minutes before putting it in the kettle to cook, instead of putting salt in the water in which it is to boil. By this means less scum rises. The flavor of sea-fish is much improved by boiling it in sea-water.

11. To DRESS SALT COD.—Steep your salt fish in water all night, with a glass of vinegar; it will take out the salt, and make it taste like fresh fish. The next day boil it. When it is tender, take off the skin, pull it in flakes into your dish, then pour egg-sauce over it, or parsnips boiled and beat fine, with butter and cream.

12. To BOIL STURGEON.—Leave the skin on, which must be nicely scraped, take out the gristle, rub it with salt, and let it lie an hour, then dredge with flour, and put it on in cold water, with some salt and a few cloves of garlic. Skim carefully, and when dished, pour over it melted butter with chopped parsley, a large spoonful of mushroom catsup, one of lemon-pickle, and one of pepper-vinegar, sending some of the same to table in a sauce-boat. The sturgeon being a dry fish, rich sauce is necessary.

13. To BOIL SHAD.—Get a nice, fat shad, fresh from the water, that the skin may not crack in boiling. Add to the water in which it is to be boiled a wineglass of pale vinegar, salt, a little garlic, and a bundle of parsley. When it is done, drain all the water from the fish, lay it in the dish, and garnish with scraped horseradish. Have a sauce-boat of nice melted butter to mix with the different catsups, as taste shall direct.

14. To BOIL ROCK FISH.—The best part of the rock is the head and shoulders. Clean nicely, boil gently, and skim well. When done, drain off the water, lay the fish in the dish, and garnish with scraped horseradish. Have two boats of butter nicely melted with chopped parsley; or, for a change, you may have anchovy butter. The roe and liver should be fried, and served in separate dishes.

If any of the rock be left, it will make a delicious dish next day. Pick it in small pieces, put it in a stewpan with a gill of water, a good lump of butter, some salt, a large spoonful of lemon-pickle, and one of pepper-vinegar. Shake it over the fire until perfectly hot, and serve it up. This is almost equal to stewed crab.

15. To BOIL ROCK FISH ANOTHER WAY.—After the fish has been nicely cleaned, put it into a pot with water enough to cover it, and throw in salt in the proportion of half a teaspoonful to a pound of fish. Boil it slowly until the meat is tender, and easily cleans from the bone. A large fish will require an hour to cook. When done, serve on a hot dish, and have a few hard-boiled eggs, cut in thin slices, laid around it and over it. Serve with egg-sauce.

16. To BOIL SALT SHAD OR MACKEREL.—If very salt, the fish must be soaked twelve hours in plenty of cold water; or, if the water is changed, a less time will be required. Put it into a skillet or frying-pan, with cold water enough to cover it, and let it boil fifteen minutes. Then change the water for fresh hot water, and after boiling in this fifteen minutes longer, take it up and serve with drawn-butter, and garnish with parsley.

Another nice way to dress salt fish, is to boil together for ten minutes a cupful of cream, some cut parsley, and a little butter and pepper, and if the cream is not very thick, a beaten yolk of egg, and turn it over the fish, when it is ready to send to the table.

17. To BAKE FISH.—Fresh cod, bass, shad, mackerel and rock-fish are suitable fish for baking. For a dressing for the fish, soak bread in cold water, drain it off when the bread becomes soft, mash it fine, and mix with it a large spoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper; add onions, sweet herbs, or spices if you like. A couple of uncooked eggs mixed with the dressing, makes it cut smooth. After cleaning the fish, fill them with the dressing, sew them up, dredge slightly with flour, and lay them in a baking-pan, with half a pint of cold water, a little butter and salt. Bake the fish from forty to fifty minutes. Serve with parsley and butter.

18. To BAKE SMALL FISH.—Put in a deep pan four teaspoonsful of onions chopped, half a pint of melted butter, a gill of vinegar; lay over six pounds of any common fish, season over with two teaspoonsful of salt, one of pepper. Place it in the oven for twenty minutes, then turn it; baste it with the sauce now and then. Dish it up, and pour sauce over, or serve in the pan. If the sauce should be too thin, boil on the fire till it gets of a thickish substance.

19. To FRY FISH.—To fry fish nicely, after it is well washed, it should be put in a cloth, and when dry, dredged with flour or Indian meal, or wetted with egg, and dipped in bread-crumbs. Have your pan with plenty of boiling oil, dripping or lard, put in your fish, and let it fry rather quickly, till it is of a nice brown. Should you fry your fish in oil, it obtains a much finer color than when done in lard or dripping. Never use butter, as it makes the fish a bad color. Garnish your dish with green or fried parsley.

20. STURGEON CUTLETS.—The tail piece is the best. Skin it and cut off the gristle, cut it into slices about half an inch thick, sprinkle over them pepper and salt, dredge them with flour, and fry them a nice light brown. Have ready a pint of good gravy, seasoned with catsup wine, and a little pounded cloves, and thickened with brown flour and butter. When the cutlets are cold, put them into the gravy and stew them a few minutes. Garnish the dish with nice forcemeat balls, and parsley fried crisp.

21. STURGEON STEAKS.—Cut them as for the cutlets, dredge them, and fry them nicely; dish them quickly lest they get cold. Pour over melted butter with chopped parsley, and garnish with fried parsley.

22. To FRY TROUT.—Scale, gut, clean, dry and flour. Fry until they are a rich, clear brown. Fry some green parsley crisp, and make some plain melted butter; put in one teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, and one glass of white wine or vinegar.

Garnish when the trout are dished, with the crisped parsley and lemon cut in slices. The butter may be poured over the fish, but it is most advisable to send it in a butter tureen.

23. FRIED FISH, JEWISH FASHION.—Cut one or two pounds of halibut in one piece, lay it in a dish, cover the top with a little salt, put some water in the dish, but not to cover the fish; let it remain thus for one hour. The water, being low, causes the salt to penetrate into the fish. Take it out and dry it; cut the bone out, and the fins off. It is then in two pieces. Lay the pieces on the side, and divide them into slices half an inch thick; put into a frying-pan with a quarter of a pound of fat, lard, dripping, or oil; then put two ounces of flour into a soup-plate or basin, which mix with water to form a smooth batter, not too thick. Dip the fish in it, so that the pieces are well covered; then have the fat, not too hot, put the pieces in it, and fry till a nice color, turning them over. When done take it out, let it drain, dish up, and serve. Any kind of sauce that is liked may be used with it; but plain, with a little salt and lemon, is excellent. It is excellent cold, and can be eaten with oil, vinegar and cucumbers in summer time. An egg is an improvement in the batter. Any fish suitable for frying can be fried in this manner.

24. To DRESS COD FISH.—Boil the fish tender, pick it from the bones, take an equal quantity of Irish potatoes, or parsnips, boiled and chopped, and the same of onions well boiled. Add a sufficiency of melted butter, some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, with a little brandy or wine, if desired. Rub them in a mortar till well mixed. If too stiff, liquify it with cream or thickened milk, put paste in the bottom of a dish, and bake it. For change, it may be baked in the form of patties.

25. CHOWDER.—Cut some slices of pork, very thin, and fry it out dry in the dinner pot, then put in a layer of fish, cut in slices, on the pork and fat, then a layer of onions, and then potatoes, all cut in thin slices; then fish, onions, and potatoes again, till your materials are all in, putting some salt and pepper on each layer of onions. Split some crackers, and dip them in water, and put them around the sides and over the top. Put in water enough to come up in sight, boil about half an hour, till the potatoes are done; add half a pint of milk, or a teacup of sweet cream, five minutes before you take it up. Cod and bass make the best chowder. Clams and blackfish are tolerably good. The hard part of the clam should be rejected. The potatoes and milk, may be omitted, and spices and catsup added, according to taste.

26. COD OMELET.—Break into small pieces, the thickest parts of a dressed cod, season it with a little grated nutmeg and a little pounded mace; beat up six eggs well and mix with it, forming it into a paste, fry as an omelet, and serve as hot as possible.

27. To PICKLE MACKEREL.—Cut two onions in

thin slices, mix with salt and pepper, and a little mixed spice or peppercorn; then have four mackerel ready, with the gills and gut removed, but not cut. Put a little of the onions inside, and rub the outside with them, and then rub them with flour, put them in the dish, put in the remainder of the onions, add half a pint of vinegar and a gill of water. Bake in a slow oven, for one hour; use cold. They will keep a long time.

Fresh herrings may be prepared in the same way, requiring less time to bake. The flavor of the pickling may be improved by adding three cloves, two blades of mace, some peppercorns, a little garlic, and some sweet herbs, according to taste. The onions may be omitted, if objected to.

28. PICKLED SALMON.—Cut it into a number of pieces, and boil it in salt and water, until sufficiently cooked to eat. Take sufficient vinegar to cover it, put to three quarts of it an ounce each of whole allspice and peppercorns; scald them in the vinegar. When strongly spiced, take it from the fire; when cold, turn on the salmon.

29. SHAD, POTTED.—Cut the fish in half, and then in slices, crosswise, put them in an earthen pot, pour very sour cold vinegar over them and add salt, whole peppers and allspice. Put a crust over the top of the jar, or tie tightly to exclude the air; set in not too hot an oven, and let remain for several hours.

Herring may be potted in the same manner.

30. To STEW TERRAPINS.—Wash two terrapins in warm water, and throw them into a pot of boiling water, which will kill them instantly. Let them boil until the shells crack, when they must be taken from the fire, the shells taken off, and the entrails removed. Wash them, and cook until tender, when the gall must be carefully removed, and the sand-bag and liver taken out. Put the flesh, cut up, into a stewpan, with the liquor it has been boiled in, and season with salt, cayenne pepper, and butter, and stew them half an hour. Then add a thickening of the beaten yolks of two eggs, some butter rolled in flour, and two wine-glasses of Madeira wine. Serve on a chafing dish.

31. To DRESS CRABS.—Scoop the meat from the shell, mix the meat into a paste with a little vinegar, bread-crumbs, grated nutmeg, and a little butter or sweet oil; return it into the shell and serve. To serve this hot, it should be heated before the fire, and served up with dry toast, cut into large squares, or dice.

32. BAKED CRAB.—Remove the meat from the shell, mix it with bread-crumbs—about one-fourth will be sufficient—add white pepper, salt, a little cayenne, grated nutmeg, and half a dozen small lumps of butter, each about the size of a nut; this last ingredient should be added to the fish, after it has been returned to the shell. Squeeze lemon juice over it; lay a thick coat of bread-crumbs over all, and bake.

33. To ROAST LOBSTERS.—Take a live lobster,

half-boil it, remove it from the kettle in which it is boiling, dry it with a cloth; while hot, rub it over with butter, set it before a good fire, baste it with butter. When it produces a fine froth, it is done. Serve with melted butter.

34. ANCHOVIES.—The best anchovies look red and mellow, and the bones moist and oily, the flesh high-flavored, and a fine smell. Wash half a dozen anchovies, and take the meat from the bones; cut them into four fillets, place them on a dish with some sweet herbs cut small, and the yolks and whites of hard eggs cut small.

35. EGG SAUCE FOR SALT COD.—Boil four eggs hard; first, half chop the white, then put in the yolks, and chop them both together, but not very small; put them into half a pound of good melted butter, and let it boil up, then pour it on the fish.

36. TO STEW OYSTERS.—Strain the liquor of the oysters, put it on to boil with a few blades of mace, some whole peppers and allspice; skim it well. When thoroughly boiled, put in the oysters and let them boil up. Mix a good sized lump of butter with some flour, smoothly stir it in the boiling liquor, and add cream according to the quantity of oysters you cook.

37. TO FRY OYSTERS.—Take a quarter of a hundred of large oysters, wash them, dip them in egg, and roll them in grated bread or cracker, with pepper and salt, and fry them a light brown. If you choose, you may add a little parsley, shred fine.

38. TO PICKLE OYSTERS.—Take the liquor of one hundred oysters, add one teacup of vinegar. Boil and skim it, and put in the oysters with a tablespoonful of salt, and the same quantity of pepper, and let the whole simmer a few minutes together. Mace, cloves, and allspice, may be added. In cool weather they will keep several days.

39. SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Wash your oysters well in their own liquor, then put them into scallop-shells or a deep dish, strew over them a few bread-crumbs, with some seasoning—pepper and salt, and such spices as you prefer—and spread some butter over them, then add another layer of oysters, then of bread-crumbs, etc.; and when the dish or shells are full, spread butter over the top, and set them in the oven to brown.

40. ROASTED OYSTERS.—Large oysters not opened, a few minutes before they are wanted, should be put on a gridiron over a moderate fire. When they are cooked they will open. Do not lose the liquor that is in the shell with the oysters.

41. OYSTER LOAVES.—Take little round loaves, cut off the tops, scrape out all the crumbs, then put the oysters into a stewpan with the crumbs that came out of the loaves, a little water, and a good lump of butter; stew them together five or six minutes; then put in a spoonful of good cream, fill your loaves, lay the bit of crust carefully on again; set them in the oven to crisp.

42. OYSTERS ON TOAST.—Open twelve very large oysters, put them in a pan with their liquor, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a wineglass of milk, two cloves, and a small piece of mace, if handy. Boil a few minutes until set, mix one ounce of butter with half an ounce of flour; put it in small pieces, in the pan, and stir round when near boiling; pour over the toast, and serve.

43. OYSTER FRITTERS.—Mix equal quantities of oyster juice and milk, and to a pint of the mixed liquor put a pint of wheat flour, a couple of beaten eggs, a little salt, and a few of the oysters. Drop, by the large spoonful, into hot lard.

44. TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Take them from the shells, beard them, and put them with their liquor into tin shapers, made to imitate scallops, six in a shell (not more), with a little pepper and butter. Put the shells upon a gridiron over a good fire, and serve them when plump and quite hot. Squeeze a little lemon juice over them when they come from the fire.

45. TO BROIL OYSTERS, ANOTHER WAY.—They may be put singly in their under-shells along with their own liquor, a little minced parsley and spice, and a bit of butter, and thus put upon the gridiron, to be taken off when thoroughly heated.

46. OYSTER PIE.—Strain the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil with butter and pepper, and a thickening of bread-crumbs and milk well beaten together, and after boiling a few minutes, throw in the oysters. When they come to a boil, take them off, and, while warm, add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Line a buttered dish with a rich paste, and fill with white paper or a clean napkin to support a lid of paste, and bake it. When lightly browned, take off the lid, remove the napkin or paper, pour in the oysters, set a few minutes in the oven, and send to table hot.

47. OYSTER PIE, ANOTHER WAY.—Fill a deep dish with two quarts of oysters (uncooked and without the liquor), and season with butter, pepper, salt, and grated bread. Cover with strips of paste, crossed. It will require a quick heat for half an hour to cook it. Three-quarters of a pound of butter to two quarts of oysters will make a rich pie.

48. PLAIN OYSTER PIE.—Line a common pie-tin with paste, the same as for fruit pie; fill with oysters and their juice, from which every particle of shell has been removed; season with salt and pepper, and butter, dredge with flour, put on a lid of paste, and bake in a moderate oven till a light brown.

49. OYSTER PATTIES.—Make some rich puff-paste, and bake it in very small tin pattypans. When cool, turn them out upon a large dish. Stew some large fresh oysters with a few cloves, a little mace and nutmeg, some yolk of egg boiled hard and grated, a little butter, and as much of the oyster liquor as will cover them. When they have stewed, take them out of the pan, and set them away to cool. When quite cool, lay two or three oysters in

each shell of puff-paste. Or, the oysters may be put into the shells when hot, and served immediately.

50. OYSTER OMELET.—Take six eggs, and beat as for a common omelet. Add twenty-five oysters without their liquor, pepper and salt. Dissolve in a frying-pan a couple of ounces of butter, pour in the eggs, and as soon as the omelet is well risen and firm throughout, slide it on to a hot dish, fold it together like a turnover, and serve immediately.

51. CLAM FRITTERS.—Open your clams, chop them very fine, rejecting the hearts. Take the juice and mix some batter, with flour and pepper, making it rather stiffer than for other fritters. Drop by the spoonful into hot lard.

52. TO STEW HARD-SHELL CLAMS.—Take the clams from their shells and put them in a stewpan, with enough of their own liquor, mixed with an equal quantity of water, to cover them; let them

simmer from thirty to forty minutes, skimming them carefully; mix a tablespoonful of flour with three tablespoonsful of butter, and stir it in; season it with pepper, but no salt; cover the stewpan, and let them simmer from fifteen to twenty minutes. It is an improvement if the clams are chopped fine.

WASHING COLORED FABRICS.—"Before washing almost any colored fabrics," says the *Scientific American*, "it is recommended to soak them for some time in water, to every gallon of which is added a spoonful of ox-gall. A teacup of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods, when it is necessary to wash them. A strong, clean tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink or green, will brighten those colors, and soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

## TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

### FASHIONS.

The fashionable promenades of our cities, on a pleasant day, are one vast exhibition of "costumes," presenting every variety of extravagance in shape, trimming and color. It is a spectacle well calculated, from its variety and brilliancy, to delight the eye, even while the judgment cries out against such excess as a folly deeply to be deplored. And the signs of the times indicate no abatement in this excess. Indeed, Fashion and all her votaries seem to have gone mad, and everything is being carried to extremes.

Walking dresses are made shorter than ever, while trains for evening wear are longer. Two or three skirts are now indispensable, the upper ones looped at front and sides, or perhaps trimmed *en tablier*, and puffed out enormously—"bouffantée" is the correct word—behind, and all trimmed with an infinity of buttons, bows, tassels, fringes, flounces, sashes, and lappets, that is perfectly bewildering. Fashion seems to indicate not so much the kind and manner, as the quantity of trimming.

In the matter of colors, a few of the new names will show the prevailing tendency of the season. There is "La flamme du Vésuve," a tint of fiery brilliancy, as its name implies; "Sang du Boeuf," of decidedly sanguinary hue; and "Feuille d'Automne" (autumn leaf). As a counterpoise to these colors, we find "Fumée de Londres" (London fog), and "Feuille morte" (dead leaf).

We are informed that evening toilets are made "extremely *de colleté*"—in plain English, very low; while sleeves seem to be almost entirely abolished.

Bonnets are as small as ever, but of no fixed shape. With them, as with dresses, an abundance of trimming is the main thing. Indeed, it seems

a marvel that so small a surface can hold the mass of flowers, lace, feathers, ribbons and buds, which are bestowed indiscriminately upon it. As a matter of curiosity to our readers, and as indicating, perhaps, what they may yet be brought to wear, we insert the following description of one of the most popular foreign styles:—"Many bonnets, already sufficiently overtrimmed with bows and lace, have, in addition to the white aigrette, without which a fashionable chapeau can hardly be considered complete, a large colored ostrich-feather, a bird, not nestling in ribbons and lace, but perched, erect very often, at the top of the crown; or some enormous flower, such as a peony, a dahlia, a full-blown rose, a cluster of chrysanthemums, or even a sunflower, either at the side or rising above the front, in the very centre of the bonnet, which in this instance seems to serve the purpose of a bouquet-holder."

Chignons show no symptom of decreasing in size, so that every lady who really thinks she is improving her appearance by heaping up, with the aid of cushions or false hair, an enormous pile at the back of her head, may have the satisfaction of knowing that her act receives the sanction of fashion. Now, from all this mass of apparent folly, absurdity and extravagance, the sensible woman can yet glean enough of value to allow her to dress comfortably and properly, yet without conflict with prevailing styles. Every woman of taste and judgment will consult her position, her means, and her personal requirements, her comfort and general sense of propriety, let fashion dictate what it will. There is never any unavoidable necessity for a lady to wear an unbecoming color, or adopt a style which conceals her personal advantages, or makes too prominent her defects.

## BRIDES' DRESSES.

(See Engraving.)

No. 1.—Bridal Toilet for a Lady.—Dress of white satin, with a double skirt and sash, trimmed with deep silk fringe. Wreath and bouquet of orange blossoms.

No. 2.—Bridal Toilet for a Young Girl.—Dress of fine muslin. Low square-shaped bodice and long sleeves, trimmed with muslin flutings; high chemisette of guipure lace. Gored skirt, trimmed with four muslin flutings. Wide ribbon sash. Myrtle wreath and bouquet.

No. 3.—Bridal Toilet for a Lady.—High dress of white poult-de-soie. Marie Antoinette fichu of Valenciennes lace. Orange blossoms in the hair.

No. 4.—Bridal Toilet for a Young Girl.—High dress and sash of white. The trimming consists of light garlands of myrtle-leaves and flowers. Myrtle wreath. Tulle veil.

No. 5.—Bridal Toilet for a Young Girl.—Dress and polonaise of white gros-grain silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace arranged as seen in illustration. Myrtle wreath. Tulle veil.

## TOILET MAT (APPLIQUE).

(See Engraving.)

Materials—Black velvet, pink satin, black chenille, pink and black purse silk, gold thread, gold braid, gold and black beads. This design may be used either for a toilet mat or for ornamenting the bottom of a work-basket. The foundation is pink satin; the star in the centre is an *appliquéd* of black velvet, the rays are copied with gold thread, and the points sewn down with gold braid, a French knot of pink purse silk being added at every *vandyke*. The star is then surrounded with double *vandyke* lines, interlacing each other and worked in chain stitch with pink silk; the leaves, which fill the spaces of this *vandyke* line, are put in with both gold thread and black chenille. Two circles of black chenille crossed with slanting lines of gold thread, are then worked, and between these circles there are two waved lines interlacing each other, which are copied with gold thread; the diamonds are filled in with black chenille, while one black bead, with a gold one at each side, fill the festoons. The design is then completed with a waved line of chain stitch in gold thread, and three sprays of black chenille, worked at regular intervals in *point Russe*.

## HOUSEWIFE.

(See Engraving.)

This pretty little housewife is in the shape of a sailor's hat, and is hidden under the cover which forms the crown of the hat. It is made of card-board and black leather cloth, bound and trimmed with cherry-colored ribbon. No. 1 shows the housewife with the cover, No. 2 without. Cut first a round piece of card-board for the bottom of the housewife measuring three and one-fifth inches across; then the border, pasting the ends together with a piece

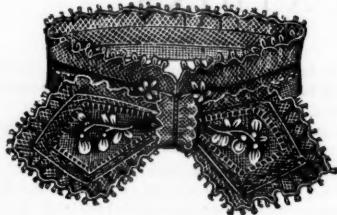
of tape, and fasten it to the bottom in the same manner. Then cut another round piece of card-board measuring three and three-fifths inches across; fasten it on to a border four-fifths of an inch high. Quilt it slightly on the top, and cover the bottom, with leather cloth. Then prepare a circle of card-board for the housewife itself, which must be made so as to fit exactly into the cover. Cover it on the outer side with cherry-colored silk, and sew on the cross strips of ribbon, as can be seen in illustration. These cross strips serve to hold the sewing materials. Fasten it on the seam which joins the bottom part and border. The border is bound with cherry-colored ribbon, and the cover trimmed with wider ribbon of the same color.

## SLEEVELESS JACKET.



This is made of scarlet merino or opera flannel, and trimmed with black gimp and black satin bows; the aperture for the arm is simply caught together at the belt by a bow. It is a very pretty addition to a breakfast or morning toilet, and can be made, by any lady who has a little taste and ingenuity, to be quite stylish and attractive.

## MUSLIN CRAVAT.



No. 1.

A narrow, double stripe of muslin, headed by insertion and edging, encircles the throat; the ends are embroidered in satin-stitch, and overcast after the design No. 2, and are afterwards bordered to correspond with the stripe.

## DETAIL OF MUSLIN CRAVAT.



No. 2.



A Gabrielle of gray silk, trimmed with narrow crimson velvet and black lace; the cape is round like a collar in front, and describes two vandykes in the back; the ornament at the belt is formed of three large leaves, plaited together under the belt; the petticoat is of crimson merino, trimmed with black velvet in straight rows.



The Marie Antoinette shape, finished at the bottom with very broad, fine box plaiting, divided by a satin band; the lower edge has a fall of lace. This is particularly suited to rich silk evening dresses.



A VERY pretty coat sleeve for silk and poplin; it is trimmed in curves with narrow gimp, satin quilling, and below the elbow with a fall of thread lace.

## NAME FOR MARKING.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**WATCHWORDS FOR THE WARFARE OF LIFE.** From Dr. Martin Luther. Translated and arranged by the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: *M. W. Dodd*, 505 Broadway.

The contents of this volume consist principally of short and pithy extracts, of a moral or religious character, from the "Letters" and the "Table-Talk" of the Great German Reformer. They are arranged under the heads—"Words for the Battle Field," "Words for the Day's March," "Words for the Halt-ing Places," "Words for the Wounded," and "Words of Victory."

**GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS.** By Ralph Keeler. Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

A quiet, well-written story, somewhat languid in its action, and more likely to please simply, than to lay strong hold on the reader; a book, in short, which, while one peruses it, is sufficiently entertaining, but which one can put aside without reluctance, when the leisure hour for reading is past. The scene is laid in San Francisco, and the story is in some measure descriptive of life there.

**WORDS OF HOPE.** Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

A beautiful volume, compiled by the same lady whose taste and judgment were so pleasingly shown in the preparation of that choice book—"Golden Truths," to which the present work is a fitting companion. The selections are in prose and verse, taken from a wide range of authors, and have been specially intended to meet the wants of those who have recently been called to stand by the graves of their loved ones. For sale by *Turner & Bros.*, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

**HOURS OF LEISURE.**—A Series of Miscellaneous Poems. By James R. Colhoun.

Our thanks are due the author for a copy of this little volume. Mr. Colhoun is yet a young man, with all the poetic fervor and poetic aspirations of youth. His poems, though by no means faultless, are distinguished by an enthusiastic love of country, and of liberty, in its best sense, and have much in them that speaks well for present performance, while it gives hope of still greater excellence in the future. For sale by *Turner & Bros.*, 808 Chestnut street, at \$1.25.

**PHILIP ECKER'S STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.** A story for Boys. By the author of "Margaret Claire."

**THE BROKEN ROCK.** By Kruna, author of "Lift a Little," etc., etc.

**OUT OF THE FIRE.** By Mary Devinell Chellis, author of "Deacon Sim's Prayers," "Old Sunapee," etc., etc.

These are the titles of three books, each excellent in its way, recently published by the National Temperance Society. All are valuable and desirable additions to our temperance literature, which, even with the advances the cause of sobriety is every day making, there need be little fear of overstocking. The good that such works do is not to be calculated by the superficial observer. They may seem to fall like rain-drops on the thirsty sand, but, nevertheless, their influence is ultimately felt. Only a few days since, we were told how a little temperance tract, coming into the hands of a man, apparently a confirmed sot, finally wrought out his redemption from the degradation into which he had sunk, and restored him to his family and to society, sober and industrious. And

this is but one among many similar instances, which might be gathered from each one's individual experience.

**THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1860.** Philadelphia: *A. Winch*, 505 Chestnut street.

This valuable almanac should have been noticed in our last number. It contains, exclusive of the actual astronomical calculations, a great variety of statistics, chronological tables, and useful matter never before introduced into a work of this kind. To all wanting a good, reliable almanac, we can safely recommend it. Price, 20 cents.

**AFTER THE STORM.** By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: *John E. Potter & Co.*

"This story," says *The Lady's Friend*, "is in Mr. Arthur's very best vein, and its subject is one to call forth the deepest and highest things of his spirit—the richest of all those treasures of thought and feeling that are laid up through years of earnest life. Many, very many, will find their experience partly written out; the young may feel a presentiment, as they read, of storms ahead in their future—rocks to avoid or be wrecked upon; few will fail to be touched with the beautiful and satisfying conclusion, stirring the soul with a power which flows from the writer's profound religious convictions. We confess to having merely glanced over the first part, and began to read after the storm. The feeling so common after severe trial—'Better that I had died l'—is thus answered:—

"There are deeper things hidden in the events of life than our reason can fathom. We die when it is best for ourselves and best for others that we should die—never before. And the fact that we live is in itself conclusive that we are yet needed in the world by who can be affected by our mortal existence."

**THE CRICKET'S FRIENDS.** Tales Told by the Cricket, Teapot and Saucepan. By Cousin Virginia. Boston: *Nichols & Noyes*.

These little stories are told in a bright, attractive way, which will make them very interesting to the young people; but that is not all, there is a great deal of really valuable instruction of nature and of the insect world, in these charming little stories, which we most cordially recommend to the young people.

**AMONG THE BIRDS.** A Series of Sketches for Young Folks. Illustrating the Domestic Life of our Feath-ered Tribes. By Edward A. Samuels. Boston: *Nichols & Noyes*.

The author says in his preface—"Young folks are always willing to be amused, and if their amusements can be made instructive, a very desirable end is gained." On the thread of pleasant story in this little book, is strung a variety of interesting facts. The whole, affording a kind of comic little drama of bird life, which could only have been written by one who had a familiar and loving knowledge of his subject.

**THE KETTLE CLUB.** By Cousin Virginia. Boston: *Nichols & Noyes*.

A very enjoyable book for the small people. Something playful and sparkling in the style, which is nature's own gift, and which all the people, alas! who write and talk for children do not possess. The little stories are full of valuable information put in a bright, quaint way.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### "THE HOLLANDS."

This excellent serial by Miss Townsend, which appeared in the Home Magazine last year, is a constant theme of praise in the letters we receive. We select one among many, as being especially appreciative, offering it in the belief that, as the writer says, she but gives words to the feelings of all:—

"I have just finished the 'Hollands.' It is an incomparable story—'Jessamine' has become a household word, an ideal to many a woman, whose attempts to reach which will make her life more beautiful, pure, and true. To me it is not fiction; and I doubt if it be to any. She is a living, breathing woman; as Wordsworth has it—

"A woman not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

"I send you my tribute, which, I think, if published, would express the love and reverence that many feel for the sweet creation of V. F. Townsend:

### "JESSAMINE."

BY BEULAH.

"Ah, Jessamine! sweet Jessamine!  
Lovely in youthful bloom!  
My heart flung wide its doors,  
Sweet girl, to give thee room.  
Like half-breathed fragrance of the rose,  
We long to breathe again;  
Like valley lilies coyly hid  
In some sequestered glen;  
Like pansies' eyes, we learn to love  
For their deep tenderness;  
Like graceful fern leaves in the dells  
Of some dark wilderness.  
Yea, all the flowers of bower or wood  
I may with thee compare,  
And yet find none so beautiful,  
So graceful, or so fair.  
All honor to the wondrous power  
That won our hearts to bless  
A pure ideal, so truly real,  
In truth and loveliness!  
Yea, wreaths of laurel we would twine  
To crown our lovely queen,  
And bow in loving reverence  
To gentle Jessamine."

### "THE ANGEL OF PEACE."

Our picture gives universal satisfaction. Every day large numbers are ordered by subscribers, who embrace the rare opportunity to get so elegant and valuable a picture at the mere nominal price of \$1, less than half the price at which it is sold.

A subscriber who received a copy, writes:—"Your picture, 'The Angel of Peace,' exceeds my highest expectations."

Another says:—"It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I am so enamored with it, that I enclose one dollar for another copy."

"The Angel of Peace," writes another, "is received, for which I thank you. It is very beautiful. I already had a smaller picture, a photograph, which I bought not long after the death of my first child. It looked so much as if it were my own child that the

angel was bearing away in her arms, that the tears ran over my face. The picture has since been a great comfort and consolation to me."

"Your picture, 'The Angel of Peace,'" says another, "came like the magazine, all right. It is a beautiful picture, far excelling what I expected to find."

Another writes:—"I have received your lovely picture, and cannot tell you the satisfaction it affords me to look upon it."

And another says:—"The Angel of Peace" is duly received, for which receive my best thanks. It is so charming, I am entranced with it; and it seems as though I would never be satisfied looking at it."

We could fill a page and more with praise like this.

### CHURCH'S NEW "NIAGARA."

Church's New "Niagara" has been on exhibition in Philadelphia, at Earle's Gallery, Chestnut street above Eighth, and attracted crowds of art-loving people, who, in a city where the artists are second to none in America, are well qualified to appreciate a painting so thoroughly worthy of admiration.

The view selected is just below the American Falls, at a point between the top of the cliff and the river level. In the immediate foreground is the American Falls, with the beautiful rainbow, which once seen is always remembered as a thing of beauty, lying at its feet. Luna Island and Falls, Goat Island, and the Horse-Shoe Falls, are all under the eye, the view terminating with Table Rock on the Canada side.

In the treatment of this grand subject, the artist has been eminently successful. The picture grows on you, as does Niagara itself, the longer you stand and gaze, until you are held by a kind of fascination. Criticism is silent in the presence of so wonderful a transcript of nature.

### THE EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE.

This sewing machine, which we are sending as a premium, gives the highest satisfaction.

Mrs. C. E. Morrill, of Charleston, Ohio, writes us as follows:—"I have received my sewing machine, and cannot say too much in its praise. I have used the Howe, Florence, and Wheeler & Wilson, and think this superior to any of them, in many respects. It is a very easy running machine, makes very little noise compared with others, and sews nicely. I am well satisfied, and hope you are the same. You can safely recommend the Empire Sewing Machine."

Mrs. C. E. Lewis, of Oshkosh, Wis., who received an Empire Machine, writes:—"I have received my machine, and am well pleased with it."

### THE BEST DOCTOR.

This is to certify that I bought a Weeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, March 7th, 1859, and it has been used with entire satisfaction by my daughter, who was afflicted with spine disease. It proved the best doctor I ever employed, for she not only regained her health, but has earned a living with it for herself and me ever since.

Mrs. M. B. BALL.

New York, Nov. 29, 1868.

**A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

Some of our subscribers, whose names were received during the month of January, did not get their magazines as promptly as they wished; in some cases there being a delay of a week or ten days. The reason for this lay in the fact, that the influx of subscribers was unusually large—so large that it was impossible, even with an extra force in the office, working late at night, to get the names entered as fast as received and the magazines sent off.

This reason, satisfactory to us in more than one sense, will, we are sure, be satisfactory to our subscribers. This year the HOME MAGAZINE reaches a circulation of *many thousands beyond any former year*; and we are glad to know, from thousands of letters from subscribers, that it is taking a deeper and deeper hold each year on the affections of the people.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" has also gained its thousands over any former year, and is steadily finding its way to the little ones throughout the land. Old and young are alike interested in its pages. Fathers, mothers, and sisters, write that they love to read it as well as the children, and find in its beautiful pages much that does them good. Here is an extract from the letter of an old man. It touched our feelings when we read it:—

"I have thought you could put another additional name to your little book, and call it the 'Old Man's Hour,' too. It has brought many a salt-water tear out of my old eyes. I am now three-score years and seventeen. I confess I never read a little book that has delighted and done me so much good (except the Bible). My four grandchildren, and my daughter, shall I say, almost devour it, and I am not much better."

Our new magazine, "ONCE A MONTH," is steadily making its way to the people. As number after number appears, and its quality and character come to be known and understood, it will supply a want in our periodical literature long felt and acknowledged. It is emphatically a magazine of good reading, full of instruction and entertainment, and without a heavy or dull article; and, above all, free from the slightest taint of evil. We ask the friends of a sound, healthy, entertaining and instructive periodical literature, to give us all the aid they can in this new enterprise.

**VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE.**

One of the most enterprising and reliable seedsmen and florists in the United States, is Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., whose Catalogue for 1869 is already published. This catalogue is a gem in its way, nearly every page being ornamented by excellent illustrations of flowers. It is valuable not merely as a price list, but on account of the beauty of these illustrations, for the accurate descriptions of the leading floral treasures of the world, and for the plain and full directions which it contains for sowing seed, transplanting, and after-culture. A mere examination of this work is sufficient to excite an enthusiastic love for flowers in those who have scarcely known such a sentiment before.

Our country subscribers will do well to send to Mr. Vick for this catalogue. It is sent to all who desire it for ten cents—"not one-half its cost," nor one-tenth its value.

Our thanks are due many correspondents for their "tried receipts."

**SEND A STAMP.**—We must remind our correspondents that when they write, requesting an answer, they should enclose a postage-stamp. About one in twenty is sufficiently thoughtful to do this, and our outlay in stamps alone, in replying to questions which are often about matters foreign to our business, and still oftener such as need not have been asked if the writer had but given our prospectuses and advertisements a careful perusal, is incredibly large.

Mrs. W., of Illinois, writes:—"In the Home Magazine I first learned the true duty of a wife and mother. Many times have I found an encouraging and strengthening lesson in those books, and should I not live to send any more subscribers, I shall always think of the editor as my best earthly teacher. May our Lord bless and prosper him in his labor of love; for, as a friend of mine said to me, "I know that I am a better wife and mother for reading Arthur's Magazine."

**THE BARTRAM & FANTON SEWING MACHINE.**—W. R. Gordon, Schraalenberg, N. J., to whom we sent one of these fine machines, writes:—"The machine is probably the best; so far as simplicity is concerned, it is the very best in the market, and does its work well."

**Sunday School Teachers, and all interested in the cause of Temperance, are referred to the advertisement on second page of this number, headed, "To Sunday School Teachers."**

**Miss Townsend's new story will be commenced in April number of Home Magazine.**

**For Premiums, see January number.**

**PROOFS OF OUR PREMIUM PICTURE.**

We have a few very fine India proofs, and proofs before lettering, of "The Angel of Peace." If any subscriber should wish to have one of these, the price will be \$2.50 for the India proof, and \$2 for the plain proof. They are exquisite pictures, and cannot be purchased of any dealer for less than \$5.

**Bound Volumes of The Children's Hour.**

Vols. I, II, III, and IV, handsomely bound in English cloth, gilt. Price \$1 a volume. Sent by mail to any address. The four vols. will be sent for \$3.50. No more beautiful or desirable present could be made to a child.

**TERMS OF OUR MAGAZINES.**

**Arthur's Home Magazine.**—\$2 a year, in advance. \$6 for three years, in advance. 3 copies, one year, \$6. 4 copies, \$6. 8 copies, and one extra to getter-up of club, \$12. 15 copies, and one extra to getter-up of club, \$20.

**Once a Month.**—\$2 a year, in advance. \$5 for three years, in advance. 3 copies one year for \$5. 6 copies and one to getter-up of club, \$10. 10 copies and one to getter-up of club, \$15.

**The Children's Hour.**—\$1.25 a year, in advance. \$5 for three years, in advance. 5 copies, one year, \$5. 10 copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$10.

*All three of these Magazines will be sent one year for \$4.*

**MAGAZINE CLUBBING.**

Home Magazine and Children's Hour, one year	... \$2.50
Home Magazine and Once a Month, " "	... 3.00
Once a Month and Children's Hour, " "	... 2.50
All three of the above Magazines	... 4.00
Godey's Lady's Book and Home Magazine	... 4.00
Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour	... 3.50
Godey's Lady's Book and Once a Month	... 4.00
All four of these Magazines, one year	... 6.50

**Address T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,**  
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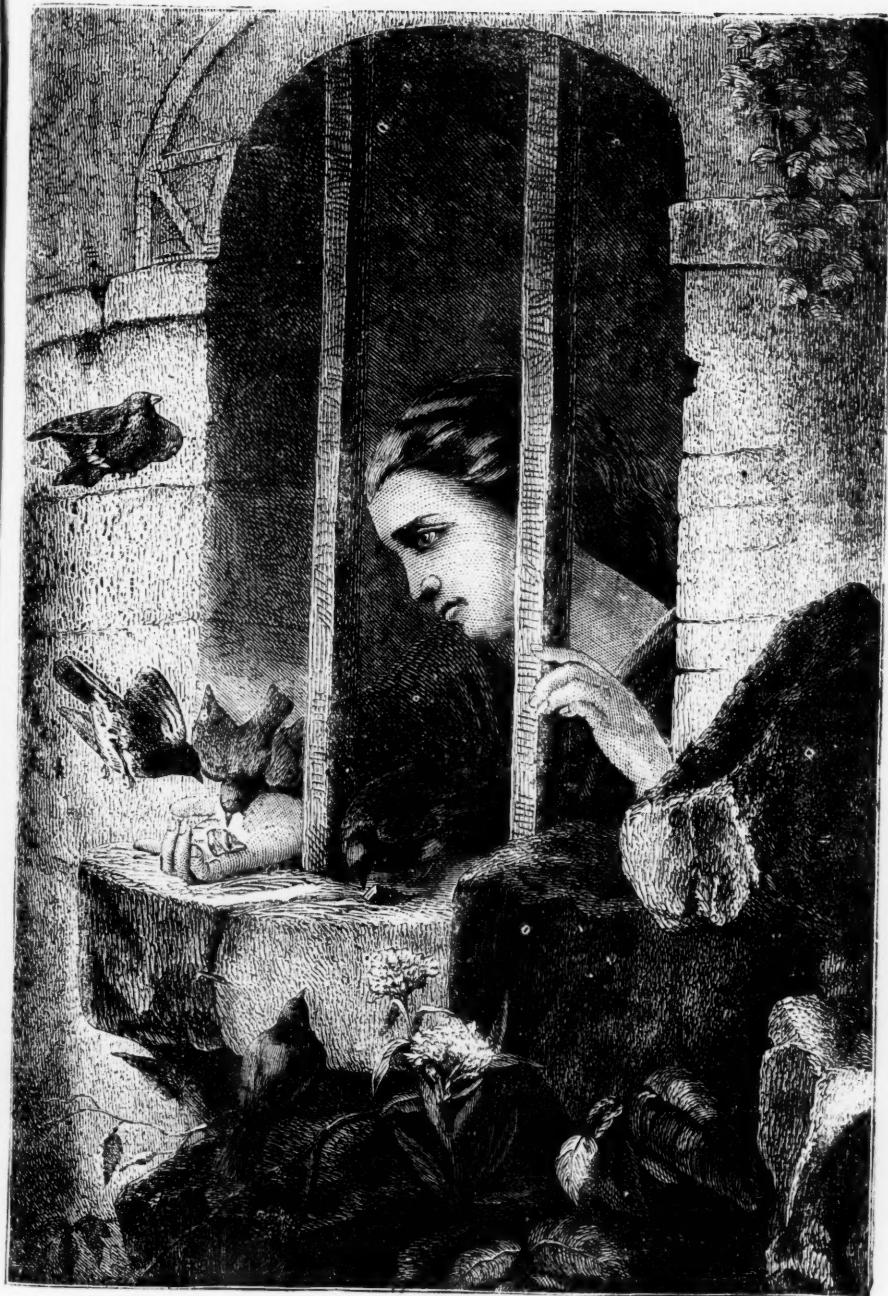
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TELLING THE OLD STORY.



BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



(198)

WALKING COSTUME of black silk, trimmed with height green satin and black fringe; plain furred underskirt; the body fits closely; has gathers in front and a broad box-plaiting running down the centre of the back. The apron of the overskirt forms a front; after this follow two sashes upon each side; these are gathered and seamed together, and to the proper place; the lower edge of the sashes shant towards the back of the apron; the back of the overskirt requires two full breathths of medium wide silk, making a seam through the centre.

No. 1.—Bois's Costume of stone-colored Melton cloth, trimmed with narrow black silk gatton and black velvet cut out in clusters of three leaves which are set on with a finish of gatton. The jacket springs open over a white underwaist; the belt of the pants describes a point in front. No. 2.—Cam's Dress of mohair, plain furred underskirt and overskirt of the same material and color; the front width of the overskirt forms an apron, cut out at the bottom in points; the remaining ~~parts~~ are puffed.

No. 2.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

**No. 1. Miss Weston's Costume.**—A *Horse-dress* converted to street costume, by the addition of a hood and overskirt; the dress has a gathered skirt gathered into the belt across the back; the remaining distance is without fullness; the body is close fitting, and fastens with silk buttons; the sleeves have two puffs, set between flat bands; the upper edge of the band describes a right-angled triangle, which is set upon the outside of the arm; the seams are covered with mitching; the hood is in the shape of a deep collar, with two points across the back; the hollow between the points is filled with a section of the material, curved across the lower edge, and plaited to the main cap or hood in fine folds. The overskirt describes an apron con-  
ducted to the bottom to tie back of the belt by curved scurves; a short skirt  
is attached to the overskirt.



No. 2.

feends in small plait across the back, an opening occurs over the hips, between the points, on the inner edge of each scarf. The material for this suit may be moiré, poplin, all-wool, or other spring goods, in plain colors. No. 22—WAKING SKIRT of grey empress cloth, trimmed with golden-brown taffetas silk, pinked out. A row of ruching, set above a narrow ruffle, extends in a direct line around the skirt; the stiff outline above this is broken up by three rows of ruching; describing Vandykes; fluted waist, cont-sleeve and cape, ornaments the ruching; a berthe, with two points in front and one in the back, ornaments the body.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

# GRANDMA'S POLKA.

BY SIGNOR G. GEORGE.

Tempo di Polka.

PIANO.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1865, by H. D. HEWITT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.]

Ped.

Ped.

Grazioso.  
Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.



WALKING SUIT of heavy corded silk, trimmed with satin and narrow fringe. Sash of satin, with a fan-shaped bow in the back. The underskirt is of green silk, cut in points, and bound with satin. Black felt hat, with a long black plume and small bird.